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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHADWICK.



She succeeded in obtaining nearly £1,000,000 from American bankers and financiers on the security of forged and worthless documents, and is now in prison awaiting her trial.

MORE FOG.



The big fog is not over yet—witness this photograph, taken outside the Royal Exchange at noon yesterday. The difficulty of locomotion still being experienced is admirably shown. The omnibus is only a few yards away, yet is almost invisible. It is small wonder that an omnibus journey from the Bank to Charing Cross has been occupying the better part of an hour.

THE BOXING-DAY SHOOT AT SANDRINGHAM.



The result of a day's shoot at Sandringham by a party of the King's Christmastide guests. His Majesty was not present with the guns.—(Copyright: R. Barratt. Published by Bassano.)

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

PERSONAL.

L. M. S.—Even love will grow cold if persistently spurned. LEADER.—Going to a party each night this week. One's friends must not be wholly sacrificed.—HERO.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word, London.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled *THE CINGALEE*. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.20. (Last week.) *THE TEMPEST*. (Last week.) MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY, January 24.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. *HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT*. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-DAY, at 2, and EVERY EVENING, at 9 sharp. *LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN*. By Oscar Wilde. At 2.15 and 8.15, *THE DECREE NISI*, by Joshua Bates. MATINEE (both plays) WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON PANTOMIMES. DAILY at 2.0, EVENING at 7.30, at all Theatres.

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,006, Hop. ALADDIN. NIGHTLY, at all Theatres, at 7.30. DAILY, at all Theatres, at 2.0.

CORONET THEATRE.—Tel. 1273, Kens. RED RIDING HOOD. Popular Prices at all Theatres. Popular Prices at all Theatres.

CAMDEN THEATRE. N.W.—Tel. 328, K.C. ROBINSON CRUSOE. Star Companies at all Theatres. Star Companies at all Theatres.

FULHAM THEATRE. S.W.—Tel. 376, Kens. THE FORTY THIEVES. Beautiful Scenery for each Production. Daily Dresses for each Production.

CROWN THEATRE. Peckham.—Tel. 412, Hop. CINDERELLA (written by Fred Bowyer). Box-office open at all Theatres ten to ten. Popular Prices.

COLISEUM. FOUR PERFORMANCES. Trafalgar-sq. end of ST. MARTIN'S LANE. NOW OPEN. EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. NOW OPEN.

COLISEUM. TWICE DAILY. ELECTRICAL. At 12 o'clock and 5 o'clock. REVOLVING STAGE. At 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock. AUDITORIUM. CHORISTERS. DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE EACH PERFORMANCE.

COLISEUM. BOOKING OFFICES. EACH PERFORMANCE NOW OPEN. LASTS TWO HOURS. From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Seats in all parts numbered and reserved. Telegrams "Coliseum, London." Telephone No. 7541 Gerrard.

COLISEUM. FOUR PERFORMANCES. Boxes £2 5s. and £1 1s. EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

LYCEUM. STRAND. Managing Director, THOS. BARRASFOORD.

The DIRECTORS beg to ANNOUNCE that in consequence of the Theatre not being quite ready, and not wishing to receive the public until everything is in order and complete for their comfort, they have decided to

POSTPONE THE OPENING

UNTIL SATURDAY, December 31.

All seats booked for previous dates will be exchanged or money returned on application at the Box Office.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. UNPRECEDENTED XMAS HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

Mr. Humphrey E. Bramhall's productions. GRAND CIRQUE. At 2.0 and 6.0. A Galaxy of Wonderful Artistic. The Cream of the Continent. PANTOMIME. At 4.0 and 7.30. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

A gorgeous spectacle of Artistic Effects. The entire reconstruction of the heating and lighting arrangements of the theatre are now complete. SPECIAL TRAINS FROM ALL LONDON STATIONS.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRQUE. "HENGELER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, at 11, 3, and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s., children half-price. SPECIAL NOTICE.—THREE COMPLETE PERFORMANCES ARE NOW GIVEN DAILY, at 11, 3, and 8. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WORLD'S FAIR, AGRICULTURAL HALL. BRIGHTON.—Now open, at 12 DAILY, till Feb. 4th, with a GIGANTIC PROGRAMME OF HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS. Grand Free Circus, Manager, Sensational Artistic Shows, and other great Attractions. ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

MARKETING BY POST.

CORNISH Clotted Cream, 4lb. 1s. 2d., 1lb. 2s.; Cornish Macaroons, "Speciality," 1lb. 2s. 4d.; Buns (unsweetened), 10d. 1b.; post free on receipt of remittance—G. Trengning, Prince's Restaurant, Truro.

PERTH Whisky de Luxe.—Two bottles "Grouse" Liqueur Whisky by post 7s. 6d.—Matthew Glasgow, Perth, N.B. Established 1890.

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let. EVERY Man who can pay rent can buy a House of his own; if you want to buy your house, send a postcard to W. W. Benham, 72, Bishopsgate-st Without, London (inserting this paper), for further particulars.

EDUCATIONAL.

BAD WRITING.—Rapid transformation guaranteed; famous system; individual tuition.—Smith and Smart, 59, Bishopsgate Within.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE. Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen. Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 4th V.B.E.K. "The Buffs" junior school for boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

STAMMERING.—Guaranteed Correspondence Cure.—Particulars, A. Seale, 47, Fetter-lane, London.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.—Johannesburg, Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike; Nal. Tel. 445 X 1.

BIRTHS.

BEACON.—On the 23rd inst., at Wimborne, Rastell-avenue, Telford-park, Breamham-hill, S.W., the wife of Henry Beeson, of a daughter, named Mary.

BLACKSHAW.—On the 23rd inst., at Kingston-on-Soar, near Derby, the wife of J. F. Blackshaw, of a daughter.

GALL.—On the 24th inst., at "The Homestead," Clarendon-road, Putney, the wife of G. Arthur Galt, of a daughter.

HORSFIELD.—On the 23rd, at Alvanley House, Bedford, the wife of Ralph Horsfield, of a son. Canadian and American papers, please copy.

LIGHTFOOT.—On Christmas Day, at 11, Enderdale-road, Kew Gardens, the wife of J. P. Lightfoot, of a son.

REID.—On Christmas Day at 72, Grosvenor-street, W., the Hon. Lady Reid, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BERNEY-WILSON.—On December 24, at Christ Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. O. M. Black, vicar of the parish, Robert Henry Berner, fourth son of Sir Henry Hanson Berner, Bart., of Barton Bredalin, Norfolk, and Miss Margaret Moffat, N.B. to Edith Ann, youngest daughter of the late Daniel Wilson, of Wakefield, and of Mrs. Wilson, The Old Hall, Sandal Magna.

DOE-WYATT.—On the 23rd inst., at St. Michael and All Angels, Fighbury, by the Rev. Arthur Krause, Austin Doe, of Forest Gate, to Anne Louisa, daughter of the late James Wyatt, of the India Office.

JOYNTON-CURRIE.—On December 19, at Christ Church, Lucknow, India, David Langdale Johnston, Indian Civil Service, eldest son of David Johnston, of Fairview, Hantsdon, Norfolk, to Elizabeth Rosemary Currie, youngest daughter of the late Surgeon-General Currie, C.B., Honorary Physician to Queen Victoria.

MALEWOOD-RICE.—On the 23rd inst., at Trinity Church, Clapham, by the Rev. Wm. Watson, Thomas Robert, eldest son of Thomas Malewood, of Cranstone, Wiltshire, to Blanche Gordon, eldest daughter of Alfred Rice, of 57, Brighton-road, London, Cheshire.

STEPHENSON-NIGHTINGALE.—On the 24th inst., at the Cathedral, Bombay, Harry Lushington Stephen, Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, younger son of the late Sir James FitzJames Stephen, Bart., to Barbara, younger daughter of the late William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Enbury, Bexley, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Mrs. Shore Nightingale, Lea Hurst.

DEATHS.

BOSWELL.—On Christmas Eve, at Blackadder, Fife, wife of Sir George Houston Boswell, Bart., of Blackadder. Funeral to-day, at 1.30.

BRANTON.—On the 24th inst., at Remembrance, Sheffield, Henrietta, widow of the late Charles A. Branton, No. 10, Forest, by request.

CARSON.—On Christmas Day, of pneumonia, after four days' illness, Archibald Carson, aged 40, of The Cedars, Cranford, Middlesex, second son of James Alexander Carson, Funeral to-morrow, at 2 p.m., Cranford Church. Train from Victoria to Hounslow Barnes, R.R., 12.30. Friends kindly accept this, the only intimation.

CRADDOCK-HATPOY.—On Christmas Eve, at Copewood, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, after short illness, Edmund Charles, second and only surviving son of the late Sir William Edmund Craddock-Hatpoy, Bart., and late Rifle Brigade. Funeral 12.45 p.m. to-morrow, at Kingswood, Surrey. Train, 10.45, Clarington Cross.

KINGSFORD.—On December 24 at St. Winifred's, North Bergholm, Broadstairs, Augusta, dearly-loved wife of Donald Kingsford (late of Hastings), Intermment at St. Peter's, Broadstairs, to-morrow, at 2 p.m. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

SING A SONG AT SIXPENCE.

Entirely new and original music by the world's greatest composers and writers at a record price.

THE "CARMELITE MUSIC."

THE "CARMELITE MUSIC."

A COPY. 6D. A COPY.

THE KIND YOU PAY 2s. FOR.

No. 1.—MAISE IN THE CORN.

Words by E. C. TEMPLE.

Music by GARNET WOLSELEY COX.

A light, dainty song with a catchy refrain. One of the last to leave the pen of its talented composer.

No. 2.—THE SKIPPER'S COURTSHIP.

Words by E. BOYD JONES.

Music by ED. ST. QUENTIN.

Savours of the rollicking humour of the sea. This song promises to become as popular as the author's present successes, "Queen of Love," "Beyond," and "Luna."

No. 3.—THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Words by HAROLD BEBBIE.

Music by A. H. BEHREND.

A sacred song that will appeal to many music lovers, written by the composer of the popular "Daddy." The best testimony to its worth is the fact that it is being

SUNG BY

MADAME MELBA.

Other songs will be published at frequent intervals by such composers as

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

IS ENSURED TO EVERYONE WHO READS

"The World & His Wife."

THE JANUARY NUMBER IS ANOTHER ONE

OF REMARKABLE INTEREST.

PRICE 6d.

"CONVICT 413L."

By MR. ADOLF BECK.

A soul-stirring story of Convict Life that must of necessity revolutionise the present "System."

Mr. Beck has, with his own experience and the literary assistance of the Authors of "Convict 99," woven together an unbreakable web of facts. See the

"Weekly Dispatch."

Price 1d.

TSAR'S "REFORMS."

Russia's Magna Charta Causes
General Disappointment.

DANGERS OF REVOLT.

Renewal of Rioting Imminent Throughout
the Empire.

The Tsar's long-expected manifesto has rudely shattered the hopes of the reform party in Russia, stimulated by the support of Prince Mirski.

When stripped of its grandiose language, it can readily be seen that the decree either evades or refuses all the essential requests of the reformers.

The people of Russia asked for a radical alteration of the law, and for the right to take part in the Legislature.

They are promised

effective measures for safeguarding the law in its full force as the most important pillar of the throne of the autocratic Empire.

Other promises made have regard to

1. Extended representation in local matters.
2. Unification of judicial procedure throughout the Empire.
3. Protection of workmen in factories and a scheme of State insurance.
4. Restrictions of discretionary power exercised by administrative authorities.
5. Religious toleration.
6. Revision of laws affecting foreigners.
7. Removal of "unnecessary" restrictions upon the Press.

REBUKE TO THE ZEMSTVOS.

The request of the Zemstvos for a measure of representative Government is met by an official communication which characterises the request as "inadmissible, in face of the sacred foundations of the laws of the empire and the indestructible elements which formed the Government."

"Forgetful of the grave conditions of the time," the communication continues, "and dazzled by the fallacious hopes which they place upon the radical alteration of the bases of Russian political life, which are hallowed by centuries, the persons entangled in the movement are working, without being conscious of it themselves, for the benefit not of Russia, but of her enemies."

It is then enjoined upon the Zemstvos not to touch questions which they have no legal power to discuss. For the Press a "sober attitude" and a "consciousness of responsibility" is recommended.

PRINCE MIRSKI TO RESIGN.

This manifesto and communication almost certainly involve the resignation of Prince Mirski, the humane and enlightened Minister of the Interior, from whose appointment as successor to the assassinated De Plehve so much was hoped.

Conscious of Prince Mirski's position, M. de Witte, according to the "Petit Parisien," threw the weight of his advocacy into the case of absolutism. He is understood to have conciliated the Tsar by this step, and is mentioned as a possible successor to Prince Mirski.

The immediate effect of the manifesto promises to be a renewal of the disturbances which have recently been so frequent in the Russian cities.

RIPE FOR REVOLT.

In Moscow, says the Exchange, the receipt is particularly unsatisfying to the intellectual classes. Already accounts of serious rioting and violence are coming to hand. In Poland two railway bridges were blown up at Radom, while at Lodz a demonstration by revolutionaries ended in the demonstrators firing upon the police who attempted to disperse them.

At Baku, where a great strike is going on, there have taken place most serious disturbances. The rioters have destroyed telegraph lines, and so prevented any details being made known. Business at the great oil wells, however, is entirely suspended.

Riots among the reservists in the centres of mobilisation have become so frequent as to cause little or no comment.

In spite of these evidences of popular dissatisfaction the Russia Press hails the Tsar's manifesto with a chorus of approbation.

UNHAPPY EX-CROWN PRINCESS.

There were rumours in Vienna yesterday that the unhappy ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, who last week was refused permission to see her children, had committed suicide near Venice.

Later in the day, however, a Reuter message from Florence stated that the Countess de Montignoso—the ex-Crown Princess—was in that city, and in good health.

A committee has been formed at Dresden with the object of securing signatures to a monster petition protesting against the expulsion of the ex-Crown Princess.

NORTH SEA COMMISSION COMPLETE.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Admiral von Spain, of the Austro-Hungarian Navy, has accepted the post of fifth member of the International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident.—Reuter.

FATE IN THREE INCHES.

Tiny Distance Decides Between a Man's
Life and Death.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIENNA, Sunday.—Three inches in a train's progress decided the fate of Louis Freyberger, a Hungarian railway official.

While walking along the line in company with other railway employees, Freyberger got his foot wedged in a check-rail, and, despite his struggles, was unable to extricate himself.

As no train was due for five minutes his companions jokingly refused to extricate him, telling him that he was certain to have his foot cut off, and laughing at his terror.

Suddenly the men heard the rumbling of the train in the distance. Freyberger screamed, and his companions, now thoroughly alive to the danger, attempted to drag him free. One man ran up the line and signalled to the train to stop.

With brakes hard on, the train slowed down quickly, and it seemed, would stop within a few yards of the snared man, who was now howling with terror.

It could even be seen that the entire engine wheels were no longer revolving, but owing to the greasiness of the track, the train slowly slipped forward several feet, and, severing Freyberger's foot, came to a standstill three inches further on.

Freyberger died a few hours later from nervous shock and loss of blood.

PRESIDENT AT HOME.

Mr. Roosevelt's Little Boy Realises the
Limitations of Knowledge.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—M. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," has given an interviewer some interesting details of his recent reception by President Roosevelt, to whom he delivered a personal message from the President of the French Republic.

Shortly after his arrival at White House the President's children came in, two charming little boys of nine and eleven.

"My little friend," said M. Wagner to one of them, "I am going to ask you a serious question. Do you sleep with your hands open or with your fists closed?"

The child thought for a while, and then resolutely replied: "How can I tell when I am asleep?" The President laughed heartily, said M. Wagner, for the reply was brief and to the point.

AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Cricketers Who Will Visit England Next
Year Nearly All Veterans.

As a result of the important cricket match between New South Wales and Victoria, which is now in its concluding stages, Mr. F. A. Iredale cables to the "Daily Mail" that the constitution of the team for England is practically settled.

The following are the players mentioned by Mr. Iredale as certainities:—

Messrs. Noble, Trumper, Kelly, Duff, Hopkins, S. Gregory, Howell, and Cotter (New South Wales); Armstrong, C. McLeod, and Collins (Victoria); and Darling and Clem Hill (South Australia), with either Waddy (N.S.W.) or Newland (S.A.) as reserve wicketkeeper, and F. Laver as manager.

Of these players only Cotter, Collins, and the two players from whom choice is to be made of a reserve wicketkeeper, are new to English cricket-fields.

FOG AND BLIZZARD IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The incoming steamers have been delayed by fog and sleet, and snow and rain in various directions have crippled telegraphic communication, particularly with Chicago, whence the storm is moving eastward. During the sitings of the different exchanges to-day many of the outside markets were not heard from.

Trains are everywhere delayed, and a blizzard is raging in Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory.—Reuter.

EXPURGATING AN ANTHEM.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—With reference to Sir Howard Vincent's objection to certain stanzas of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the American officials in Paris state that the verses of the hymn offensive to English ears are always omitted when the anthem is sung before British subjects.

LORD CURZON'S DURBAR.

CALCUTTA, Tuesday.—This morning, with great ceremony, Lord Curzon received Inayatulla Khan, eldest son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, in the Throne Room of Government House.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Calm and light airs; much fog generally; raw air, with frost inland.
Sighting-up time, 4.56 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth but very foggy.

EMIGRATION SCANDALS.

Charges of False Representations Made
Against Glasgow Notables.

In view of the bitter disappointments that have attended so many emigrants to Canada, great interest attaches to a case which came before the Glasgow High Court yesterday.

Messrs. Graeme-Hunter and Gavin Cowper, two well-known local gentlemen, were charged with an alleged fraudulent scheme of emigration. The offences alleged by the prosecution were of inducing working men to emigrate to Canada by representing that on their arrival they would be provided with suitable employment.

Representations were made to the Crown on behalf of Hunter that in consideration of the nature of the charge it would be necessary to bring witnesses from Canada for the defence. The Crown case, it was further stated, would be incomplete until the return from Canada of the workmen, who, it was alleged, had been cruelly duped. It was declared that on arriving there they found themselves in a most unenviable plight.

The case was therefore postponed for these purposes.

NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid Formally Announced as
Successor to Mr. Choate.

Rumoured for some time past, it is now officially announced that after a conference between Messrs. Hay and Loomis and Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Whitelaw Reid is to succeed Mr. Choate as Ambassador to Great Britain.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is also well-known and liked in this country. He is editor and chief proprietor



THE HON. J. H. CHOATE.

of the New York "Tribune," and looked upon as one of the smartest journalists in that city.

Although early in life he did not take kindly to diplomacy he became Minister to Paris in 1889, and was Special Ambassador to Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, and again on the occasion of the Coronation in 1902. It is stated that Mr. Carter will be promoted to the post of first secretary of the Legation, in place of Mr. White, who goes to Rome.

MEDALS FOR NORGE RESCUERS.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—As a particular sign of his appreciation of the help given to the survivors of the emigrant steamer Norge, which was wrecked on Rockhall last summer, the King has conferred the Golden Medal of Merit upon Captain Swinburne, of the ss. Salva, of Grimby; Captain Hughes, of the ss. Largo Bay, of Aberdeen; and Captain Stooke, of the ss. Gervona, of Dundee.—Reuter.

HIGH SPEED ALARMED RAILWAY-MEN.

Giving evidence at the Board of Trade Inquiry held yesterday into the cause of the Aylesbury railway disaster, Charles William Crooks, signalman, said a ganger remarked to him about the high speed of the train as it came into the station. Crooks replied: "It's a likker to me if she gets round the curve all right."

Another witness estimated the speed of the train at fifty miles an hour, whereas at this spot it should have been fifteen miles an hour.

Princess Isabella, Duchess of Genoa, is seriously ill with influenza, complicated with quinsy and fevers.

COLOSSAL ARMIES.

Over a Million Men to Take the
Field in Manchuria.

TOGO FOR TOKIO.

Preparations for the spring campaign in Manchuria are now being made on a colossal scale by both sides.

It is estimated in St. Petersburg that before active operations begin again General Kuropatkin will be at the head of a force numbering anything from 600,000 to 800,000 men.

Not to be outdone, every Japanese village has been straining its resources to reinforce Marshal Oyama. The recruits are now gathering in Tokio, and even should the fall of Port Arthur be delayed beyond the spring, Marshal Oyama will have at least half a million men at his disposal.

The battles already fought in Manchuria afford some indication of the long-protracted agony of bloodshed that will result from the meeting of two such mighty armies.

It is believed in St. Petersburg that Admiral Rojestvensky will pass south of Australia in his voyage to the Yellow Sea.

Fears are entertained, says the "Echo de Paris," for the cruiser section of the Baltic Fleet, under command of Admiral von Feltkersham. It is markedly inferior to the squadron commanded by Admiral Kamimura, who may seek to destroy it in the Indian Ocean.

The rumour that Holland will place the Sumatra post of Sabang at the disposal of the Baltic Fleet is emphatically denied at The Hague. Holland's neutrality, say the authorities there, will in no way be violated. Admiral Togo is expected to arrive in Tokio to-day.

RUSSIA'S NAVY.

New System Needed, Says the "Rus," in an
Outspoken Criticism.

Admiral Birleff, commanding the third Baltic squadron, having in a recent letter urged Russian society to keep silence regarding the Russian fleet, the "Rus," says Reuter, replies in an outspoken article.

It says:—"We have lost too much to be able to forget. We have too much to do to keep silence. Society must bravely face the painful misfortunes of Russia."

"It is evident that we now need a new system, which must make full use of publicity. Russian society does not wish to publish any secret which might be useful to the enemy regarding the activity of Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron, but it would be absurd to hide defects which can still be repaired in the ships which remain at Kronstadt and Libau. We have already criminally wasted time enough."

The article concludes by saying that an almost superhuman task is imposed upon Rojestvensky, "in consequence of our not being furnished with a true account of the gravity of the events which have occurred since the fatal night of February 8."

NO SCOTTISH CHATHAM.

By the abandonment of the North naval base, much discussed in naval and military circles around Edinburgh, Scotland's dream of a Scottish Chatham has been dispelled.

It is freely stated that the scheme was dropped by Admiral Fisher on the ground that he desires all naval expenditure to be placed with the construction of ships. The project is supposed to have cost the country not less than a quarter of a million pounds.

LORD C. BERESFORD'S APPOINTMENT.

Official notification was given last night of the appointment of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford, to succeed Admiral Sir Compton Edward Domville, as Commander-in-Chief, with acting rank of Admiral, on the Mediterranean Station.

LORD METHUEN ON TEMPERANCE.

Lord Methuen was careful to distinguish between temperance and total abstinence when distributing medals of membership at the Royal Army Temperance Council last night. His Lordship expressed the opinion that the temperance cause sometimes suffered from the misplaced zeal of enthusiasts. Their narrowness caused those who were not total abstainers to "get their backs up."

SIR W. GRANTHAM APPEALS.

Sir William Grantham does not intend to rest satisfied with the result of the action at Lewes over his cottages.

On behalf of his father, Mr. W. W. Grantham appealed to the Lewes magistrates for all papers used in the case, as he proposed to apply to have the proceedings quashed by the High Court. The request was refused.

RUINED BY FOG.

Amazing Tale of Disaster to Thames Shipping.

LINERS AFRAID TO STIR.

The fog for the past seven days has wrought incalculable mischief on the Thames, which is only now being realised as reports are collected from shipyards and wharves up and down the river between London Bridge and Gravesend. Such a tale of mishap and loss has not been told for many years.

Shipping was paralysed for a week; colliers that ventured abroad were sunk, and there were not a few minor collisions. Several seafaring men stumbled into the murky water and were drowned. The money dropped owing to ships with perishable cargoes being long overdue makes a very big sum. Thousands of boxes of fish and hundreds of turkeys, geese, etc., had to be allowed to rot. Many ships due to leave the docks outward bound days ago are in the position of the man who wired to his office: "Sorry, cannot come up to-day, have not got home yesterday." They cannot sail because they have not yet arrived.

It is pre-eminently true in shipping that time is money. The *Guller* which left London on her next voyage last Friday. At the time of writing she had not succeeded in berthing. The Newark Castle, due out last Thursday, only reached her dock in time to begin loading late on Monday. The list could be extended.

Befogged Cargo of Rabbits.

Frantic efforts were made in many instances to get perishable foodstuffs to London. One ship, with thousands of rabbits on board, from Ostend got to Thames Haven, and finding it impossible to get any further, landed her rabbits at dues amounting to £5 the ton, instead of the 2s. she would have paid in the port.

The loss to owners in dock dues, owing to their vessels being unable to leave, has been very serious. A sailing-vessel would pay from £5 to £6 in this way, and steamships higher in proportion. These figures represent takings forfeited.

In some cases starvation was the consequence of being unable to move. The crew of one barge were without hot or cold food for forty-eight hours, and were in desperate straits when the fog lifted.

It was a strange scene which met the eye at Gravesend when the fog did at last take its leave. Hundreds of ships of all sorts and sizes, from the elegant ocean liner to the small sailing vessel, lay huddled together, afraid to move in the darkness. Most had their anchor chains linked with their neighbour's for safety.

"I really bel eve," said an eye-witness, "it would have been possible for an agile man to cross from ship to ship right away from Gravesend to Tilbury. Nothing like it has been seen for eleven years."

Three colliers were sunk off Gravesend, it is believed without loss of life. In the West India Dock alone two men were drowned—one being found at the bottom of the dock with a matchbox still clutched in his stiffened hand.

CAPRICES OF FOG.

Suburbs in Blackness, While the City Remains Fairly Clear.

There was fog again yesterday, but the visitation was of a most capricious character. It was at its densest at Clapham Junction, the busiest railway centre in the whole of the London area.

Even parts of the City were, after eleven o'clock, fairly clear, but Clapham, especially the railway district, was simply hidden in one of the blackest fogs of the year.

All the traffic arrangements were put out of joint, trains hardly daring to move faster than four miles an hour.

The fog was thick at Sandringham yesterday, and interfered with the enjoyment of the King's house-party.

A very severe frost is promised in the Fens, and skating prospects are excellent.

RACING IN THE DARK.

Visitors to Kempton Park had an extraordinary experience when racing started yesterday. So dense was the fog that it was barely possible for jockeys to see the jumps. Spectators saw little or nothing of sport beyond shadowy horses flitting past.

After the fourth race had been determined the park became enveloped in midnight darkness. In the circumstances the stewards ordered the remaining part of the programme to be abandoned.

Owing to the fog the Quorn Hounds were yesterday unable to hold their annual Christmas meet.

ROADSIDE TRAGEDY.

Two men have been arrested as being concerned in the death of Thomas Tully, who was found dead on the roadside near Cavan on Christmas night. The terrible wounds on his head were the result of a fall from a horse. The prisoners are brothers, named Thomas and William Rothwell. They were formally charged with the murder at Ballyhaise yesterday, and remanded.

BUDGET INNOVATION.

Rumoured Five per Cent. Duty on Imported Goods.

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR SAYS.

People are already beginning to forecast the Budget of 1905-6, which is generally expected to embody some sweeping proposals in the direction of tariff reform.

In the "Pall Mall Gazette" of yesterday an interesting prediction was ventilated on the authority of a "well-informed correspondent."

It was to the effect that an import duty of five per cent. would be imposed on all imported goods, except wines, spirits, beer, and tobacco. The well-informed correspondent "said that this was believed in the Customs, and the 'Pall Mall' reproduced the statement 'with all reserve.'"

With the object of ascertaining whether this were only a sample of the usual Customs gossip, the *Daily Mirror* dispatched the following telegram to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, Highbury, Birmingham.

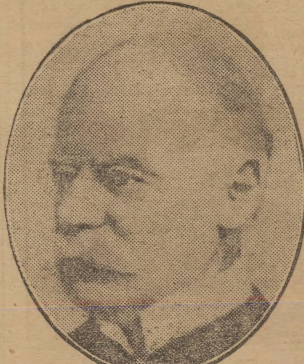
Statement published to-day in "Pall Mall Gazette" that your next Budget will include an import duty of five per cent. on all imported goods except wines, spirits, beer, and tobacco, which will still be subjected to existing duties. May we contradict this?—EDITOR, *Daily Mirror*.

The Chancellor replied as follows:—

I must decline to anticipate Budget statement.—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Without attempting to read into Mr. Chamberlain's wire anything beyond its plain purport, readers will doubtless note that no denial is given to the report. Mr. Chamberlain simply evading it. Meantime it may be recalled that such a duty is not without precedent. In 1894 the Indian Tariff Act imposed a similar duty, and distributors and consumers found no reason to complain of its operation.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.



Holds four Dukedoms—Richmond, Gordon, Lennox, and Auligny. Yesterday he celebrated his 53rd birthday.—(Elliot and Fry.)

SWEPT BY A HURRICANE.

Storm-Driven Crew Gallantly Rescued From Dismantled Ship in Mid-Atlantic.

Twenty-four of the crew of the Liverpool ship Godiva were landed at that port yesterday, the vessel having been abandoned in mid-Atlantic while on a voyage from Boston to Buenos Ayres. When the ship had been ten days out she was caught in a hurricane and dismasted. Enormous seas swept her decks almost entirely clear, and all the lifeboats being carried away, and her bulwarks smashed into matchwood.

For five days the helpless vessel drifted in the heavy seas, the terrified crew continually making signals of distress.

Finally their awful condition was observed by the steamer Dunstan, and a boat was quickly launched in command of the second officer. After prolonged but gallant efforts the crew of the Godiva were safely transferred to the Dunstan.

"BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH."

Both parties were hard at work in the Mile End constituency yesterday. The views of Mr. Harry Lawson on the alien question are cordially approved in the division, and yesterday a mysterious bill, without publisher's or printer's name, was posted.

It ran:—"Men of Mile End, don't lose this opportunity of protesting against the alien invasion. Now or never. Britain for the British."

PANTOMIMES, BUT NOT FOR CHILDREN.

Music Hall Performances Which Puzzle the Youngsters.

FULL OF VULGAR SLANG.

DICTIONARY FOR A CHILD WHO GOES TO A PANTOMIME.

PUB—a drinking-place.

BEAK—a magistrate.

SMELLER—nose; as "He hit him on the smeller."

BOKO—also means nose. More refined than "smeller," and therefore not much used in pantomimes.

"NOT 'ART!'—an enthusiastic acceptance of a glass of whisky.

PERFECT PEACH—a pretty girl.

"LOR BLIMY!"—an exclamation of astonishment.

"STRIKE ME PINK!"—another exclamation of astonishment.

ON THE BUS!—a drinking bout.

"I'M EXERCISING MY FACE!"—to take a drink.

"STRIKE ME BLIND, WHAT A DIAL!"—means "What a strange face you have."

"Modern pantomimes are not, as a rule, fit entertainments for children. They are variety entertainments, farces, comic operas—anything but what they profess to be."

So said Mr. E. H. Cooper, the author of "Wyandottos and the Sea Fairies," and many other books for children, in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

He continued: "My article in the 'Daily Mail' yesterday, pointing out that the Drury Lane pantomime, as at present arranged, is not a pantomime for children has brought me many letters from well-known people, expressing entire agreement with me."

"I went to Drury Lane pantomime meaning to say exactly what I thought of the entertainment, but hoping very much that it would be as different from previous ones as its new style of name, 'The White Cat,' seemed to suggest."

"But it was in every way worse."

"Not a Pretty Sight."

"The row of schoolgirls sitting on the wall in Act I. Scene 4, and kicking their legs about is not a pretty sight."

"Modern grown-up eyes in London and Paris equally would hardly trouble to look up at such a sight in the theatre. But small eyes are fixed on the stage from the beginning to the end of the performance."

"The effect of a dramatic spectacle on the grown-up mind is admitted to be more powerful than any book, but on the child's mind the effect is almost incredible."

"Little sentences and trivial scenes are remembered for years after."

"Nearly all pantomimes present little or nothing in the way of story. There is absolutely no plot; and children entirely fail to pick up the thread."

"They laugh? Yes. They laugh at the comical by-play of the funny-dressed actors, but there is no story to attract their attention from every little incident and every allusion."

"Hence the danger of putting vulgarisms into pantomimes."

Good Entertainments for Children.

"What is a good children's entertainment? Well, it is far easier to criticise a finished play than to suggest a better."

But this year we have, at any rate, two good children's plays in London. There may be others.

At the Coronet and at the Garrick there are charming stories without the slightest trace of vulgarity, and the entertainments at the Hippodrome and Coliseum for children of all ages are free from the objections I have mentioned.

There is no reason why there should not be topical and political allusions for the grown-up people, so long as the needs and the safety of the children are all the while kept in view.

"Every year I take many children's parties to the theatre, but I know many parents who have altogether given this form of entertainment up. It must be evident that if the pantomime becomes open to the charge of unsuitability and worse, it must decline."

HIPPODROME DEMONS AND FAIRIES.

The Christmas piece at the London Hippodrome, which was produced last night, entitled "Butterflies in Fairyland," was enthusiastically received.

With a darkened house and a scene apparently inhabited by fairies and demons, who flit about in the air in a bewildering manner.

The last scene, the "Garden of Life," has some beautiful effects, in which gorgeous butterflies, cascades, brilliant hued fountains, and a wonderful "Flying Ballet" play a prominent part.

The living statues, artistically placed amidst the fountains, lend additional effect to the finale, which is undoubtedly the prettiest effect the Hippodrome has ever produced. There are no speaking parts.

WYCOMBE RECORDER DROWNED.

Mr. Edward John Payne, Recorder of High Wycombe, and a man of high repute in literary circles, was found drowned in the canal at Wendover on Monday. He had been for a walk in the town, and there being no evidence as to how he got into the water a verdict of Found Drowned was returned at the inquest yesterday.

SMALL LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Girl Hostess Entertains Children to Dainty Christmas Dinner.

One of the prettiest parties in London this Christmas took place at the Queen's Buffet, in Holborn-viaduct, yesterday, where Miss Houk gave a dinner to 120 poor children.

The youngest of our ladies bountiful is only thirteen. She was born in the United States, but has spent the last five years in England.

The pale-faced and pretty hostess, with her long plaits of golden-brown hair hung in American fashion down below her waist, looked happy as a princess among her 120 little guests.

She had made all the arrangements herself, collecting the money from her friends, and selecting the place for the feast.

"This is my Christmas treat," she told the *Daily Mirror*. "See how they eat. Some of them have had only bread and butter for Christmas."

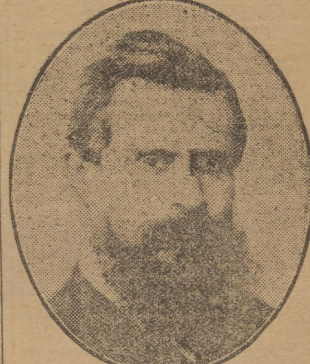
"My favourite is the little blind girl in the blue frock, but they are all nice."

There was no doubt the children enjoyed their meal of roast beef, potatoes and greens, Christmas pudding, tea and coffee amazingly, and when the oranges and crackers came even the shyest lost themselves in the delight of it.

The little lady's father looked proudly on.

"I throw as much responsibility on the child as I can. She is a great worker in the League of Pity, and I let her do everything of this kind she wishes," said Mr. Houk, fondly following with his eyes his good little girl's every movement among her grateful guests.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,



Premier Peer of the Realm and Hereditary Earl Marshal. He celebrated his 57th birthday yesterday.—(Russell.)

CRIPPLES' TREAT.

Hundreds of Maimed Children Made Very Happy at Great Ormond-street.

Some four hundred crippled boys and girls were entertained to a charming Christmas treat at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, yesterday afternoon.

The maimed little guests were out-patients of the institution, and most of them were borne to the party by big brothers.

It was pathetic to watch the wonder in their eyes as the children gazed at the decorated wards, and the tables heaped with cake, fruits, and sweets.

After an unstinted tea, with no fixed rule as to cups, came a magic-lantern, a Punch and Judy show, with a real live Toby in coloured froils, and, chief event of all, the distribution of toys from the spreading Christmas-tree.

Nor had the in-patients been forgotten. At midnight on Christmas Eve three doctors filled every stocking hung from the bed-rails.

One doctor, dressed as Father Christmas, rode on the back of another, who became a donkey for the time, while the third doctor, in the garb of a clown, led Santa Claus about the wards.

PANIC-STRICKEN AUDIENCE.

An alarming incident, resulting in serious panic, occurred at the close of a cinematograph performance in Ulster Hall, Belfast. The building was crowded with children, when the apparatus burst into flame.

Cries of "Fire!" caused the audience to make a wild rush for the doors, and seats were overturned and chairs smashed as the people fought and struggled towards the exits.

After the hall had emptied the floor was littered with hats, cloaks, and overcoats cast off in the crush.

Thirteen inquests were held yesterday by the Liverpool coroner, seven of which were on the bodies of infants who had been smothered in bed.

CLEVER BURGLARIES.

Forty Doors Yield to an Unknown Hand.

SEARCH FOR THE MAN.

The South London police believe that they are now within measurable distance of solving the mystery of a remarkable series of burglaries in Clapham and adjacent districts which for some time past have been under investigation.

The arrest of J. Machin Hirst, a private detective, who was again remanded by the South-Western Police Court magistrate yesterday, has led to some remarkable discoveries. The police allege that Hirst has been the moving spirit in these robberies, and are still engaged in collecting evidence to substantiate this charge.

In every instance there was the same baffling problem—how had the burglar entered? For there was not a trace to be found of forcible entry. Had it not been for the disordered state of the interiors and the loss of valuable property it would have been hard to say that there had been a burglary at all.

Clever Deduction.

But at last a detective made a deduction from this combination of negative and positive evidence which provided a solution of the mystery. He noticed that each house had a hole for letters in the door, but no hole to receive them. With a piece of wire covered with wash-leather, so as to leave no scratches and make no noise, it was possible, by means of the letter hole, the flap being lifted, to reach the inside door-latch, to pull it back, and so enter without leaving the slightest clue as to the "modus operandi."

The next development came when Detective-sergeant Phipp one morning paid a visit to the rooms occupied by Machin at a boarding-house in Ramsden-road, Balham. He made a search and found on the hearth several bits of paper that had been torn up. He pieced these together and formed a cheque—one of seven that had been missed by a Balham gentleman.

The other things in the room included:—
Three electric lamps.
Three wires for putting in letter-boxes.
Police whistle.
Sets of jewellers' tools for taking jewellery to pieces.

Four skeleton keys.
Sixty keys of various sizes.
Large quantity of broken jewellery, watches, rings, etc.

Part of the jewellery found in Hirst's bedroom was identified as having been stolen from houses in Alderbrook-road and Fiedhouse-road, Balham.

Since last week's police court proceedings a lady in Kyrie-road, Balham, has identified a lady's silver watch, a Waterbury watch, a lion shilling, and George III. crown found in Hirst's possession as her belongings, which, with a gold watch and two Post Office bank-books, had been stolen from her house.

Hirst as yet has been silent; but has signified privately that he has a full and satisfactory explanation regarding the goods found in his possession, and during his confinement in goal has written a lengthy document, upon which he is relying for his early freedom.

By a curious coincidence he was engaged in his capacity of private detective to trace and, if possible, recover the property stolen from several of the houses where some of these burglaries occurred.

LADY'S PLUCK.

Braved Violence in an Attempt to Aid a Policeman.

The story of a most plucky attempt by an unknown lady to assist a policeman attacked by roughs was told at Marylebone yesterday.

Constable Langley stated that on Monday night he was set upon by two men whom he had removed from a public-house in Harrow-road. They struck him violently and threw him to the ground.

He was unable to blow his whistle, when a lady stepped out from the large crowd which had assembled and courageously attempted to use it. But one of his assailants, a man named Joseph Owen, prevented this by striking her blow after blow, and her hat was torn from her head by a woman. When assistance eventually came she had disappeared.

Owen was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

GHASTLY VOYAGE.

Captain's Story of a Crew Poisoned by a Worn Copper Vessel.

Practically the whole crew of the Red Star liner Europe were prostrated by the mysterious malady which came upon them after the steamer was twenty-four hours out from Antwerp, bound for New York.

At the inquest which was opened at Plymouth yesterday on three of the hands who died, Captain Wylie stated that last Saturday there were only the officers and two of the firemen exempt from serious illness.

On Monday morning Lotherman, the lamp trimmer, was found dead in his bunk, and then the captain decided to put into Plymouth, where Chifolkman, the carpenter, and Kurki, an able seaman, died.

Dr. Williams, port medical officer, Plymouth, stated that he found most of the crew suffering from the effects either of ptomaine or metallic poisoning, from which three had died.

Among the cooking utensils on the ship he found one large copper vessel with the tinning worn off. Personally he would not eat food that had been prepared in it, as he considered it dangerous.

The inquest was adjourned pending a post-mortem examination of the bodies. This took place later yesterday, and resulted in the discovery that the sailors' deaths were due to irritant poisoning.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.



The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, whose official income of £10,000 a year is insufficient for the needs of his position.—(Russell.)

SANTA CLAUS TRAGEDY.

Mother Bears Gifts to Her Boy's Bedside and Finds Him Dead.

Nothing the imagination can conceive could be more sad than the tragedy which plunged a Highbury home into mourning on Christmas Day.

At seven o'clock on Christmas Eve Mrs. Arnold put her boy Stanley, a child eleven months old, to bed in his cot. At two o'clock on Christmas morning she stole on tip-toe into her boy's bedroom again, her arms laden with toys. The mother's face was radiant with joy at the thought of the child's pleasure on waking to find these gifts from Santa Claus.

But as she bent over the cot all the joy went out of her heart. The little son, whom a few hours earlier she had left sleeping peacefully, was dead.

The grief-stricken mother told the pathetic story to the Inquesting coroner yesterday, a doctor showing that the child was accidentally suffocated through turning over in its sleep.

COULD NOT STAND A TRIAL.

Schoolmaster Writes a Pathetic Letter to His Wife and Takes His Life.

On Christmas Day the body of Charles P. Percival, a schoolmaster, was found in a coach-house at Astbury, near Congleton, death having been caused by a wound in the throat.

At the inquest, held yesterday, the coroner intimated that some charge had been made against Percival, to which colour was added by the following letter found on the body:—

My dearest, darling wife—the best wife in the world,—forgive me. If I am found innocent we shall have to leave. May God look down upon you, and bless you and the children. I can swear before God I have never done any one any harm in my life. You are an angel. Don't worry. I can't stand it. A trial is more than I can stand, especially at Christmas. God bless you. If I can watch over you I will. Love to you and the children.—Your broken-hearted sweetheart, CHARLIE.

Suicide whilst temporarily insane was the jury's verdict.

SYVETON MYSTERY.

More About the Strange Parisian Tragedy.

ACCUSING THE DEPUTY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "reconstruction of the tragedy" scene which took place at M. Syveton's house at Neuilly is being eagerly debated by the newspapers. It is said that the struggles of the dog that was asphyxiated were very violent, and that a newspaper placed over its head, in the manner that a newspaper was placed over the head of M. Syveton, was tossed aside by its struggles.

As dog died in forty minutes. The doctor said it would have taken a man two hours to die in a similar manner. It is contended that M. Syveton must have been rendered unconscious by a narcotic before he was placed before the stove.

Asked how the body of her husband was discovered, Mme. Syveton went forward to the stove, knelt down, and placed her head in the opening.

Then Mme. Syveton, calm and collected, posed a detective in the exact position in which the deputy's body was found.

She also re-acted what happened after the discovery. Leaving the room she knocked quietly, re-entered, and night her arms on high, exclaimed: "Then M. Syveton, calm and collected, posed a detective in the exact position in which the deputy's body was found."

In Paris last night it was reported that the magistrate had decided that M. Syveton committed suicide.

The Syveton mystery is being traced from its beginning by the *Daily Mirror*. In previous issues the courtship and marriage of M. Syveton and Mme. Syveton have been described, and their difficulties with the latter's daughter Marguerite, who is said to have been subject to delusions.

PART III.

Whatever might be the state of her mind, whether what she said about her step-father was imagination or well-founded, Marguerite's beauty seemed to become greater every day.

A young professional man, named Ménard, fell in love with her, and won her from a number of rivals.

They were married in May of the present year. At first their marriage was attended by complete happiness. But at the beginning of the autumn Madame Ménard fell ill.

subject to moody fits of silence, and it seemed to her husband that she was wasting away.

The doctors—many of them were called in by M. Ménard to see her—said that she was suffering from neurasthenia.

She got worse and worse until one night a terrible thing happened.

M. Ménard and his wife had retired to their apartment and gone to bed. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, the husband was awakened by a scream. He started up and saw his wife standing at the foot of the bed with a look of terror indescribable on her white, haggard face.

She was speaking wild, incoherent words in her native Flemish, and she seemed to be trying to thrust away some horror from her with her hands.

M. Ménard called her maid, an Antwerp girl, to the room, and this girl understood what the words of his wild cries his mistress was uttering were. She was saying: "Let me hide! Stop him! Take his pistol away. Save me!"

The Husband's Suspicions.

Before this terrible scene M. Ménard had noticed that the servant girl behaved peculiarly whenever M. Syveton called at the house. She seemed to avoid the deputy, to be afraid of him, to find an excuse to hide herself at his approach.

After Mme. Ménard had been calmed by the efforts of husband and maid, and had recovered from the terror of her nightmare M. Ménard took the girl aside and questioned her.

Then she confessed to him, it is declared, the secret of the relations between M. Syveton and her mistress.

There was a scene at breakfast the next morning almost as terrible as that in the bedroom. M. Ménard repeated what the servant had told him to his wife. He cross-examined her. Then the servant rushed into the room and begged her mistress to confess all and get rid for ever of the odious visits of her step-father to the house.

Mme. Ménard sobbed out her story to her husband.

M. Ménard was stupefied at what he had heard. At first he could do nothing. He could only wring his hands.

Then he scribbled a note to Mme. Syveton, and another note to M. Syveton, hasty notes written in a shaking scrawl.

"Come at once. I want to see you on a matter of the greatest importance," said the notes.

(To be continued.)

TOOK A CAB TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

Mrs. Thomas Aveling, of Rochester, wife of the chairman of Aveling and Porter, Limited, the well-known engineers, who was suffering from a very painful neuralgia, desired the vigilance of her nurses and servants and sent a messenger for a cab yesterday.

Entering it she drove off to Rochester Bridge, and alighted as if to go to her husband's offices close by, instead of which, however, she threw herself into the River Medway and was drowned.

"PETER PAN."

All Good Children Must Read This About Mr. Barrie's New Play.

Would you like to see a dear, big, shaggy dog that was trained to be a nurse to three nice little children in the cosiest night nursery you ever saw?

Would you like to know how a wonderful boy came in at the window, after Papa and Mama had gone to a dinner-party, and taught the children to fly in the most wonderful way out of the window to the Never, Never Land?

Peter Pan, by the way, is the name of the wonderful little boy who taught the children to fly out of their nursery. He lives with several other little boys who fell out of their perambulators when they were babies and were never claimed.

They have a splendid house underground. You get to it by going down a tree-trunk. The larks that go on down there when Peter and the children from the nursery arrive simply could not be told about. You must go and see them for yourselves.

Fight with Pirates.

Then you will see, too, how the Pirates and Redskins had a terrible fight above ground, while the children down below (you can see both at the same time) shivered and shook, and at last were carried off by the Pirates.

On the decks, the Pirate Ship there were some awful scenes, but the children won, after Peter Pan had a terrific single combat with the Pirate King; and they sailed the ship back to England, and rejoiced the hearts of their Papa and Mama by turning up in their own cosy nursery.

If you would like to see all these beautiful and wonderful things, you must ask to be taken to Mr. Barrie's play (it is just called "Peter Pan") at the Duke of York's Theatre. I am sure you will think Miss Hilda Trevelyan the dearest little girl there ever was, and Miss Nina Boucicault as nice a boy as Peter could possibly be.

Also, you will call Mr. Gaudin du Maurier not only a capital Papa in the first and last scenes, but also a tremendously fine Pirate King. H. H. F.

The reception of the play was very warm, and at the end the author was loudly called for. A tiny girl came on and kissed out that her friend Mr. Barrie was not in the house!

(Photographs of Miss Nina Boucicault and Miss Dorothea Baird (who is the children's Mama) appear on page 11.)

BARRISTER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Accused Wife To Be Brought Before the Magistrate To-day.

Mrs. Henrietta Stewart, who is alleged to have inflicted the wound from which her husband, a barrister, died in the Brompton Hospital on Saturday will be brought up on remand at the South-Western Police Court to-day.

In view of the tragic development since she was arrested, the original charge of stabbing Mr. Stewart with a table-knife will, it is believed, be altered to one of a still graver character.

Before he died Mr. Stewart, in the presence of Mr. Garrett, the magistrate, made a statement to the effect that during a struggle for the possession of the knife he received a wound below the left shoulder-blade. With his dying breath he asserted his belief in his wife's innocence.

The dispute, which has had such a tragic ending, took place after a dinner-party at the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, in Gorst-road, Wandsworth Common.

BURGLARS OFFER TERMS.

Name a Sum for Which They Will Leave a Postmistress Unmolested.

"We are starving and will go for a pound each," said one of two burglars who broke into the bedroom over the village post office at Preston, near Hitchin, and seized Mrs. Frost, the postmistress, and her niece by the throat.

Mrs. Frost declared that she did not possess so much money, so the men agreed to accept the sum of ten shillings, the contents of her purse. Taking the money the intruders left the house.

An alarm was raised, but before help arrived the burglars had disappeared, taking with them, in addition to the ten shillings, the contents of a money-box.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for infants.

THINNEST WATCHES
IN THE WORLD.
REDUCED TO **25/-** FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.
Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.
Blue Oxidised Cases - £2
Jewellers' Instruments
ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.
V. SAMUEL & CO.,
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

WORKLESS-HOPELESS

Last Stage in the Wanderings of an Honest Out-of-Work.

MOVING NARRATIVE.

Shivering, tired out, hopeless, the unhappy wanderer, who, during the past week, has been describing in the *Daily Mirror* his luckless search for work, had reached a point, in the last instalment of his narrative, where he crept for shelter and rest between some bales of goods at Nine Elms Station. He concludes his pathetic story as follows:—

I remained in my hiding-place all that night. At last hunger drove me out of it. I awoke in the middle of the night, and thought to myself: "I will stop here, where nobody can say to me, 'No hands wanted,' until I die of starvation, or until somebody discovers me and delivers me over to the law as a vagabond."

Conquered by Hunger.

But when morning came my hunger was too great for this resolution. Moreover, my long rest, though it had made me ache all over, had put some little vigour into me. Out I crept.

Nobody noticed me come out. So I slunk into the street unchallenged.

My first effort was to get something to put into my stomach. Instinct took me to a thoroughfare where an open-air market is held. Between the stalls bits of food refuse that a dog would look at twice before he sniffed them are littered about. I satisfied my hunger-craving with these odds and ends.

A good soul who was marketing saw me doing this, and gave me a halfpenny. "There's something to get a cup of coffee with," she said. I almost failed to thank her as I snatched at the halfpenny.

Then, after I had had my coffee, I braced myself up for one more desperate attempt to get work. I made shift to scrape and rub away the dust and dirt that had stuck to my threadbare clothes.

A Word of Sympathy.

This done, I made my way into the first door of a place where men work that I came to. It was a coal office. There was a short "No" to my request, and I was turning to go, thinking how whining and tramp-like my voice had been—no one could help whining like a tramp after being trodden down for days and days—when in kindly tones there came the question: "What are you? Are you a regular canvasser, or have you got anything regular to do?"

I was obliged to answer that the word "regular" had ceased to form part of my life for weeks.

My questioner then gave me some outspoken information. He said: "If you are thinking about getting a living by trying to get orders for coal, let me tell you at once that you will fail. In these days people will insist on getting at the door. If they buy coal, unless it is from a cart when they are engaged by you, they should expect you to bring cash on delivery, and that you would find almost impossible. The people who take up this work are mostly insurance agents, or small travellers with other means of subsistence to fall back on besides this."

With a few words of sympathy, and a genuinely-meant "Better luck," the speaker turned away to attend to someone else.

Fancy someone taking the trouble to explain to me why I was not wanted! As I listened I felt once more that I was a human being and not some pariah dog.

Giving Up the Fight.

Misery soon returned, however, when I began my weary round of refusal after refusal. I don't blame those who said "No" to me and very little else. I was not a prepossessing-looking object, and no kindness was intended. If a man cannot get work when he is alert and determined, as I was when I began my search, his chance is hopeless.

Among other places I called at Dawney's joist works, Dawney, Long, and Co.'s manufactory, and at Young's engineering shops, and at all with no result.

So I tramped until "knocking-off" hour came. It was Saturday afternoon. I found myself walking hopeless and homeless among a stream of workers going home with their week's money in their pockets. I had no chance of even asking for work until another forty-eight hours had passed.

That night I "gave up." I went into the casual ward.

Here the narrative of misery ends. After reading it can one say that there is always work for the man who means business—who keeps trying and trying?

SIEGE OF A CIRCUS.

By steady degrees for some months, and by leaps and bounds lately, the Royal Italian Circus has advanced in popular favour.

If the "ring" had been available to the public yesterday hundreds must still have been unable to gain admission. The circus was literally besieged.

No entertainment in London affords greater delight to children.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

The condition of Miss Arabella Kenaly, the authoress, is again causing some anxiety.

Mr. Henry Lee, formerly M.P. for Southampton and president of the Manchester Reform Club, died whilst sitting at breakfast.

In a Birmingham County Court action for arrears of salary Lewis Kantrovitch, a tailor's presser, stated that he had worked continuously from Thursday morning to Saturday night and then faint.

ANTIQUE UMBRELLA.

There has been discovered at Greenock an old-fashioned umbrella with whalebone ribs, which must be quite 120 years old.

When opened it affords shelter for a whole family, and the present owner estimates its value at £50.

ARCHBISHOP'S CONCERT.

Archbishop Bourne has issued invitations to a free Christmas concert he is providing at the Chapter Hall on Friday evening.

The programme—to be sung by the cathedral choir—will consist of carols, glees, and madrigals reminiscent of old days in Merrie England.

NO USE TO HIM.

Though practically a non-smoker, a well-known City man is continually receiving presents of cigars from his friends.

This Christmas his unconsumed stock, representing the accumulation of years, amounts to 25,000, and he is meditating on the advisability of starting as a cigar merchant.

WAR BENEFITS YORKSHIRE.

Yorkshire manufacturers are congratulating themselves on the phenomenal stimulus the woollen trade is receiving.

Japanese orders, roughly estimated at £1,500,000, have recently arrived, and a single firm at Dewsbury has received an order for three-quarters of a million blankets.

FOG BAD FOR LAMP-POSTS.

One of the most extraordinary consequences of the fogs in London has been the wreckage of a number of lamp-posts, with which omnibuses have collided.

In Victoria-street, Westminster, no fewer than three lamps have been broken in the space of 100 yards.

BUILT ON WOOL.

At the little town of Wadebridge, Cornwall, there is a bridge of a unique character.

Owing to the strength of the current ordinary stone foundations would not hold, and numerous devices were tried without success.

Eventually bags of wool were sunk in the stream and the piles driven in, and this strange foundation has proved wonderfully firm and satisfactory.

HAGGIS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

In many West End shops notices are being displayed to the effect that a real Scotch haggis for eating on New Year's Day can be had to order.

As proving the antiquity of this favourite dish, it is interesting to recall that haggis is alluded to by William Dunbar, the Court poet of James IV. of Scotland, who flourished four centuries ago.

RETRORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Light fingers and dark fog have been responsible for the abstraction of knockers from sixty doors in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth Bridge-road.

Hence a policeman, finding Frederick Cox, a young painter, leaving a gateway with door-knocker in hand, made an inquiry—and got the knocker hurled at his head.

Cox was sent from West London to a month's hard labour.

COOL GIRL.

While running at full speed, near Epsom, the 8.53 G.E.R. express from London to Cambridge was stopped yesterday, owing to a passenger pulling the communication-cord.

It was then discovered that the alarm-signal had been given by a young lady, who said she was in the wrong train, and wished to alight.

Her modest request was not granted, however, and she was carried on to Bishop's Stortford.

FISHERMAN'S GENEROSITY.

Having received an offer of 2s. for over a thousand small whiting, James May, a fishing-bow owner, declined to do business in Folkestone market.

"Here you unemployed?" he cried. "Who wants any whiting?"

The response was the frantic rush forward of a hungry crowd, among whom he distributed freely his entire load of fish.

RETRIEVER TO THE RESCUE.

On questioning two men whom he suspected of stealing fowls, a Wigan constable, named Percival, was knocked down and brutally assaulted.

Before he was seriously injured, however, a black retriever, belonging to the constable, appeared on the scene. The dog at once flew to his master's assistance, and mauled the ruffians till they fled.

Identified, the constable's assailants were sentenced to six months' hard labour.

In East End free libraries are special lending and reference sections for children under fourteen.

Seven hundred and twenty-four pauper aliens have been relieved by the Whitechapel Guardians in 1904.

CATS LOSE A FRIEND.

Two Persian cats will mourn the death of their mistress, an old lady who lived in Southwark.

Every day they used to follow her like dogs during her morning walk, except when it was wet, in which case the old lady carried one under each arm.

GOVERNMENT WINDFALLS.

During the last few days the Treasury has received over a quarter of a million sterling from death duties.

The largest individual contribution, which amounted to £49,000, was received from Mr. Walter Shoolbred's executors.

FOOLISH PRIDE.

"I would die in the gutter before that," said Kate Simpson, a friendless woman of sixty-six years of age, when urged to go into the workhouse.

At the inquest yesterday the coroner pointed out the folly of people not going to places where they could get proper attendance and nursing.

EXPERIMENTING WITH A CARTRIDGE.

Having found a cartridge on Treboeth Common, Richard Davies, aged eleven, decided to make an experiment.

Striking a match, he lit the cartridge, with the result that he is being treated at Swansea Hospital for his injuries.

OMNIBUS DE LUXE.

Between Camberwell Green, the City, and Hackney there is running an omnibus with solid rubber tyres, which obviates all jolting and lumbering noise.

So successful has the experiment proved that the proprietors propose fitting all their vehicles with similar tyres.

NOT TO LAUGH AT SEA SERPENTS.

People should not laugh at the sea-serpent stories which they see in the newspapers, said Dr. W. E. Hoyle in a lecture at the Manchester University.

Personally he believed that the people giving such information had seen some monster, though they might not be right in calling it a serpent.

Instead of scoffing, he thought people should try to find out what this monster is.

WITH NAVAL HONOURS.

There was a distinguished gathering of naval and military men at St. Michael's Church, Portsmouth, yesterday, for the first part of the funeral service for the late Admiral Sir Francis Ommanney.

After the service the coffin was conveyed to the station on a gun-carriage covered with the Union Jack, and surmounted with the late Admiral's cocked hat and the sword which he received from the Turkish captain at Navarino.

PENALTY OF ADVENTURE.

At the early age of thirty-two, Mr. Mathew Dickson Taggart, the well-known cliff-climber, has died at Whitehaven, Cumberland, of Bright's disease, while staying at Croasdale, Enniskillen, he fell from a crag called Bonness Knot, over 100ft., and lay in agony for an hour and a half before his cries attracted attention.

From injuries to his spine then received Mr. Taggart remained a helpless invalid to the day of his death.

NOT BORN TO BE SHOT.

The death has occurred at Dunmore School-house, Strilingshire, of Robert Livingston, who had number of the most remarkable escapes during the Indian Mutiny.

On one occasion a cannon ball grazed his left temple, only leaving a burned scar, and on another, while enjoying a hard-earned breakfast, a piece of bacon was shot off his fork when half-way to his mouth.

WORTHY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Some feathers and footmarks were the only clues left by thieves who stole a number of ducks from the White House Farm, Old Goole.

Tracing the footmarks over a wall, P.C. Crawley discovered near Moorland-road some ducks' necks, which the farmer identified as his property.

In three cottages in the Moorland-road, the constable, continuing his investigations, found portions of cooked and uncooked ducks, and arresting the occupiers he has secured convictions against all three at the Goole Police Court.

LANDING IN DIFFICULTY.

Owing to its precipitous cliffs and rock-bound coast, Foula, a remote island on the west side of Scotland, is practically inaccessible to tourists.

Often when the mail-boat has made the passage from the mainland, the islanders have to stretch a line from shore to shore of their little bay to enable a boat's crew to land.

An appeal having been made to the Scottish Office, the authorities have agreed to facilitate the landing at Foula if the cost be reasonable.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

MRS. CHADWICK.

Mrs. Chadwick will soon have an opportunity of explaining the methods by which she induced a number of American financiers and bankers to advance her something like £1,000,000 on forged and worthless securities. She declares herself confident of establishing her innocence, but it will not be an easy task. Forged signatures want a lot of explaining away. The personal magnetism and fascination which helped her to hoodwink her victims may not be so successful when practised on a court of law.

MORE FOG.

The great Christmas fog of 1904 is not by any means a thing of the past, although it is now possible to get about with some degree of safety. The photograph on page 1 was taken outside the Royal Exchange at noon yesterday. It is a fair sample of Boxing-Day weather in London. Even the placid pigeons and cheery City sparrows seemed overcome by the prevailing gloom, and huddled together in a mass of puffed-out feathers.

ENGLAND FOR THE ALIENS.

Lazarus Jansnovitch, who may be seen on page 8 in full campaigning order, is preaching a new crusade in Lithuania. He is advising all his countrymen to emigrate to England, and declares his own intention of coming over to this country with his father as soon as funds and forged passports are forthcoming.

AN INSUBORDINATE GENERAL.

General Kodama is to be recalled from the front in Manchuria, according to a "Times" dispatch, for striking his superior officer, Marshal Oyama. The General was Chief of the Staff in Manchuria, and one of the ablest of the Japanese officers. His departure will be a loss to the army; but, of course, his action could not be overlooked. His portrait, with one of the Marshal, appears on page 8.

A FAMOUS AERONAUT.

The Rev. John Mackenzie Bacon was one of the most enterprising and expert of balloonists, and his death is a great loss to the science of aeronautics. He was a protégé of Kingsley's. Since he made his first ascent in 1888 he has had many exciting adventures in the air. On one occasion, with his daughter, Miss Gertrude Bacon, also an enthusiast in the science or sport of ballooning, he was lost in space for over ten hours above an impenetrable mist. He thought the balloon was being carried out to sea, but by great good fortune was able at last to make a descent only a mile from the coast. The descent was a risky one, and Miss Bacon a broken arm and her father a severe shaking. "A landing" in the middle of the Thames near Tilbury. The photograph on page 9 was taken just before an adventurous trip from the Isle of Man to Scotland, which was made in the company of Mr. Stanley Spencer. The journey occupied four hours, and was a successful one. Mr. Bacon once descended to a height of more than two miles above the earth's surface.

THE MISSING LINK.

A great number of old London houses have link-extinguishers affixed to their doorposts or railings. They were useful in the days when street lamps were almost unknown, for at night the link-bow and his torch were necessary attendants on every party returning from theatre or ball at night. For a long time they have fallen into disuse, but during the fog, that has not yet disappeared, they once more justified their existence. Notwithstanding electric lights and incandescent gas lamps, torches were in great demand, and the old extinguishers enjoyed a short resurrection from their picturesque uselessness.

MR. BARRIE'S "GHOST."

Miss Ella Q. May, of whom a charming little portrait is to be seen on page 5, appears on the programme of "Peter Pan," or "The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up," as "Lisa," the author of the play. The little lady is an accomplished actress, and plays with great effect in the production for which, it seems, she is jointly responsible with Mr. J. M. Barrie—that is, if we take Mr. Barrie at his word, which is rather an unsafe thing to do when he is in a frivolous mood.

THE MOVING BOG.

The bog slide at Clonchocness, near Castlereagh, Co. Roscommon, has not ceased as expected, but continues its destroying progress over the country.

It is causing widespread distress, for the ground crops are buried beneath eight or nine feet of peat and water, and there is no pasture left for the live and there is already cut off the public water supply, and threatens still more extensive damage. Our photograph on page 8 shows the bog besieging a house, which is being defended vigorously by the occupants—a hopeless task, unless the enormous march of the semi-liquid mass comes to a conclusion.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1904.

FOR 'LOWER' READ 'MIDDLE.'

I attribute much of the degradation of the lower classes to the lives of smart society men and women as revealed in the popular papers and novels and dramas of the day.

THAT is the opinion of the Bishop of Kensington, as given to an interviewer for publication in a current religious magazine. We propose to offer a few reasons for thinking it a shallow view which is not supported by the facts.

To begin with, let us ask what are the "popular papers and novels and dramas of the day" which take the trouble to reveal the lives of smart society men and women? They are chiefly the ladies' papers, which the lower classes do not read; the novels produced for library circulation, which the lower classes never hear of; and the plays aimed at the suburban playgoer, from which the lower classes unanimously stay away.

If the Bishop had said that the middle classes, especially idle, unintelligent, middle-class women, were influenced for evil by reading the fables about the "smart set" which pass muster with ladies' papers, lady novelists, and theatrical managers, we should entirely agree with him.

Here is a sample of the kind of thing we mean. The "Queen" is, on the whole, the most sensible of those journals which consist chiefly of fashion-plates and corset advertisements. Yet we find even the "Queen" talking pernicious rubbish about "personal pleasures" having "attained such a height that a serious friendship is almost an impossibility."

The silliness and the bad English of this are just about on a level. Yet numbers of women, lolling on sofas, instead of making themselves some use in the world, will henceforward firmly believe that it is not "smart" to have any real friends!

All this sort of writing is, of course, done by people who are as far removed from the life which is called smart as are their deluded readers. Their affected, simpering stuff would not be tolerated in any paper read by those whom the Bishop calls the lower classes. If the journals which have large circulations ever mention the fads and follies of the "smart," it is to pour ridicule upon them.

Equally free from reproach are the majority of the novels and plays which aim at attracting the masses. They deal broadly with human nature in the rough. If they concerned themselves with small details of the lives of a very small section of society, they would soon be voted tedious and tame.

The Bishop has, in fact, put the wrong address on his indictment. That the lives of "smart" persons, and even more the lies told about their lives, have a bad effect upon a certain number of middle-class women is undeniable. But we cannot, for the reasons shown, admit that the poison affects the lower classes. The cause of their "degradation" must be looked for elsewhere.

AN OPEN-MINDED M.P.

It is quite evident from Lord Turnour's interesting article, published on another page, that our youngest M.P. is under no delusions as to the present position of the House of Commons.

Reviewing Mr. Sidney Low's excellent book on "The Governance of England," the new member for Horsham accepts the view that it is the Cabinet which now rules the country. Parliament, he admits frankly, is a mere talking-shop, without as much influence upon public opinion as the Press, and with scarcely any influence at all upon legislation.

It is something to get a member of Parliament to grant so much. Usually they are people who have such a vast sense of their own importance that they think the House of Commons must be an important place because they are in it! If all Lord Turnour's opinions are as refreshingly sensible and up-to-date as this one, sleepy Sussex will have reason to be proud of its youthful M.P.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The discipline of our daily work should breed in us habits of self-restraint, patience, faithfulness, obedience to law, in an ordered life. Even in idleness there are possible some valuable personal virtues.—*Hugh Black.*

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD and Miss Nina Boucicault were the heroines of last evening at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Boucicault, especially, well deserves her success. She comes of a famous theatrical family, but as a girl she felt no inclination for the stage. Driven on to it by destiny, she has found it far from a satisfactory profession—a profession involving much weariness and disappointment. In fact, three or four years ago she had determined to open a bonnet shop in the West End, when she made a final and undoubted success in the "Lion Hunters" at Terry's Theatre. Since then her position has been established.

Miss Boucicault has had the usual travelling experiences which are the common fate of players nowadays. She has acted her father's play, the

miraculously successful "Colleen Bawn," in many parts of the world. It was in this play that most of her adventures occurred to her, probably because the scenery was of an adventure-raising kind. Once she fell off a rock into the green cloth sea, and out herself badly. She was wearing a red hood, however, and managed to conceal her wounds with it till the curtain came down.

In the "Colleen Bawn" again an adventure, comic this time, occurred in connection with a German super, who had just been engaged, and who had hazy ideas of how English supers behave. Another member of the company told this innocent a malicious thing—he told him that whenever Miss Boucicault raised her hands to her hips (which she often did in this play), he, as a good super, was to raise his voice and sing aloud. It sounds

incredible, but the super believed. Until he was hustled off the stage by the infuriated manager, this German regularly punctuated Miss Boucicault's gestures with a loud "Teutonic chorus!"

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who is lying so ill at his house on the Chelsea Embankment, is, as his name implies, half a Frenchman. When he left school he had to go to France and serve his time as a driver in an artillery regiment. Then he came back to go to Oxford, and has lived in England ever since. In fact, he is quite as English now as his sister, who is so well known to readers of the "weeklies" and to novel-readers as Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

Among the many books he has written none is remembered more gratefully than "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." His nonsense rhymes were delightful. For instance:—

As a friend to the children commend me the Yak,
 You will find it exactly the thing;
 It will carry and fetch; you can ride on its back,
 Or lead it about with a string.
 Then tell your Pap where the Yak can be got,
 And if he is awfully rich
 He will buy you the creature—or else he will not—
 I cannot be positive which.

This again expresses what many of us must have felt:—

Rhinoceros, your hide looks all undone,
 You do not take my fancy in the least;
 You have a horn where other brutes have none;
 Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast.

Lord Basil Blackwood, who illustrated the book, made pictures quite as funny as Mr. Belloc's verses. It was a most amusing partnership.

Sir Hugh Bell, the new baronet who succeeds his father, Sir Lowthian, is chiefly known to the world at large as a free-trade champion letter-writer and the giver of very pleasant dinner parties at his house in Sloane-street. His wife has a more extended reputation. She is the author of a number of little plays of which amateurs are very fond, and of one of the most amusing books of the age. It is called "Conversational Openings," and applies the chess method to dinner-table talk.

Thus, one "opening" will be "My bread, I think." If the reply should be "Yes," that is check; another opening must be found. If, on the other hand, the answer is "I always prefer toast," it is so much more wholesome, or something which opens up further chances of discussion, then the game proceeds merrily. It is a pity such a capital book should be out of print. I tried for it lately at a number of shops without success.

We ought to be grateful to Lord Radstock for his ingenious attempt to solve the problem of housing for working girls by setting up the Victoria Hostel for them in the Clapham-road. Girls can live, it appears, for 1s. a day at this "hostel," and obtain a three-course dinner there for 4d. Nor is "luxury for the million" to be neglected. The girls are to have an immense roller skating rink and gymnasium, and a garden full of flowers. It looks as though Radstock Houses might become as famous as the Rowton Houses are.

By one of the most curious of "life's little ironies," it happens that Captain James de Courcy Hamilton, chief of the London Fire Brigade, and invested about a year ago with all London's power against fire, has been unable to save his aunt, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, from a severe burning in her house at Notting-hill. And yet Captain Hamilton saves numerous houses and a good many lives in the course of his exciting life. He has to sleep "with one eye open," and is always liable to be awakened at night.

When he came to London a year or so ago Captain Hamilton had thirty years of distinguished naval service behind him. He was famous in the Navy for his powers of witty repartee. Once, however, he was defeated in argument by a midshipman. He had to hurry up on deck from lunch one day, and he left his table with glasses and wine untouched upon it. He had occasion to send the midshipman in question to look at the glass—the weather-glass, of course. Glancing down the skylight a moment later he was startled to see that the midshipman was helping himself to sherry out of a decanter.

In a few minutes the midshipman, looking suspiciously innocent, reappeared on deck. Captain Hamilton looked at him. "How does the glass stand, sir?" he asked sternly. "Steadily rising, sir." "And how's the sherry?" "Steadily falling, sir," said the midshipman. So frank and placid a reply made Captain Hamilton forgive him at once.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 23.—How many people desert their gardens altogether during the winter. Plant-life well repays watching, especially in the country, every day throughout the year.

Its interests even at this season are many. Spring buds are gradually appearing; one or two winter aconites and snowdrops are actually in bloom! Christmas roses and yellow jessamine will soon be at their best. Under the doricium leaves buds can be seen; already rhododendrons are equipped for their June labours.

And garden tools like a ship on wintry seas. Slowly, but surely, northerly winds are carrying it to realms of sunshine. The helmsman must not desert his post. Spring should be greeted on deck.
 E. F. J.

THE TSAR'S CHRISTMAS BOXES TO HIS PEOPLE.



The Tsar's long-expected Reform Manifesto has at length been issued. It turns out to be a mere empty form of words. His subjects open their Christmas boxes and find nothing in them!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Bishop of London.

IT is just like him to publish a statement of how he has spent his stipend of £10,000 during the last three years—also the loss of £5,000 of what we would expect, for he is not the sort of person who thinks of himself, either in spending money or performing hard work, but he likes there to be no mystery about himself or his doings. He looks upon himself as a public servant, for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four.

Only a young man—he is young for a bishop, halfway between forty and fifty—and a man of perfect physical health, could do the work he does. He is in a state of incessant rush about London, especially the East End, which he knows intimately, and which loves him as he loves it. He says he has developed a new muscle in his arm from shaking hands with his East End friends.

To look at, he is as unlike a bishop as one could well imagine. He is a slight, spare, even lean, man, always on the move, always talking. Whether in the palace or a slum dwelling, he is utterly devoid of self-consciousness. He never thinks of himself.

Of his personal appearance he has not a thought. His collars are far too low and too loose to suit him. His hat always looks as though it would extinguish him. He never notices such things. Perhaps it is this forgetfulness of self which attracts everyone to him, but whatever it is, no one has ever been known to resist his magnetic influence.

Enthusiastic maiden ladies describe his face as that of a medieval saint. If the typical face for a medieval saint is thin and brown and expresses a mingled keenness, kindness, and humour, then he has one. In all probability he has never thought about it himself.

He is just a truly human man, honestly working to do good, and looking upon himself as the last person in the universe to be considered.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

"How did she lose her engagement-ring?"
 "Washing her hands of Jack."—Judge (American).

"Have you told your father, dearest, that I can't live without you?"
 "Yes, darling, and he said he'd gladly pay your funeral expenses."—*Journal Amusant* (French).

The wife of an actor in Berlin has written an original "character" in the registry-book of a servant who was leaving her. She writes:

"Frederica Wilhelmina L. has been in my service a year, less eleven months, and during this time she was
 Diligent—in her attendance at the street door.
 Moderate—in the amount of her work.
 Careful—of herself.
 Clever—at making excuses for herself.
 Faithful—to her follower (lover).
 Friendly—to the opposite sex.
 And honest when everything was locked up."

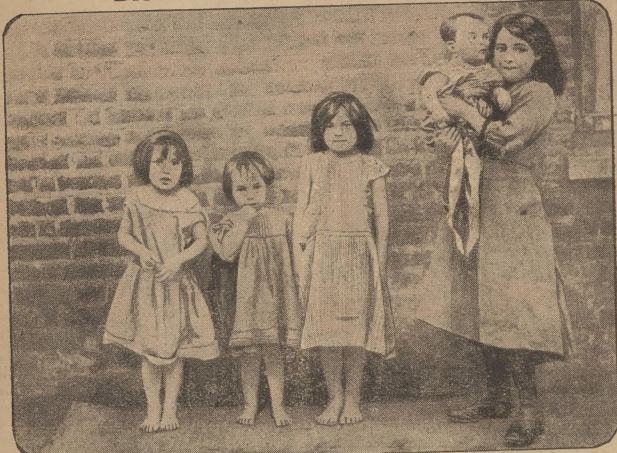
The servant means to sue her late mistress—though why should she when she has such brilliant qualifications.—*Wiener Journal* (Austrian).

"Me All Face."

A good story is told of a recent governor of Canada. Well wrapped in furs and a heavy coat, he was conferring with an Indian chief on the shores of one of the great lakes in the depth of winter. The latter, clothed in a single blanket, was walking over the frozen ground in apparent comfort. On being asked how he could keep warm, he replied, "You do not cover your face." "No," said the governor, "but I am used to that." "Good," answered the Indian, "me all face."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

A DAY'S DOINGS PICTURED.

DISTRESS IN THE EAST END.



This picture shows, only too vividly, the privations suffered by the children of the unemployed. These little ones were photographed while shivering in the cold and rain in the streets of Poplar. Their father has been out of work for eight weeks, and is unable to buy them decent clothing.



These boys have no food, and are forced to trudge the streets with the hope of getting a "dinner" from the gutter.

CONTINUANCE OF THE BOG SLIDE.



The bog slide in the west of Co. Roscommon, Ireland, shows signs of continuing. This photograph shows the owners of a farm on the De Freyne estate endeavouring to clear away the bog from their home, which is in danger of being swallowed up.

OYAMA ASSAULTED.



The Japanese Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Oyama, who, it is stated, was struck by—



—General Kodama, his chief of staff. Kodama has been recalled for this insult, although he was considered the most capable of Generals.

MR. BARRIE'S GHOST.



Miss Ela Q. May, who figures on the programme of "Peter Pan," the play produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last night, as "Liza," the author of the play.—(Bassano.)

TO DANCE B



Mlle. Genée, the well-known première danseuse to appear "by command" b

ENGLAND FOR THE AL



Lazarus Jansnovitch, a half-insane Lithuanian band of Russians. He states his intention of co with his followers as soon as the passage-money ports can be procured.



"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

BEFORE THE KING.



Empire Theatre, dressed for the dances in which she is the King at Chatsworth.—(Hana.)

TSAR AND TSARITSA IN NATIONAL COSTUME.



Unique portraits of the Tsar and Tsaritsa of Russia in Muscovite costume, the national dress of their country. The Tsar has just issued a manifesto affirming his autocracy.

AMERICA'S AMBASSADOR.



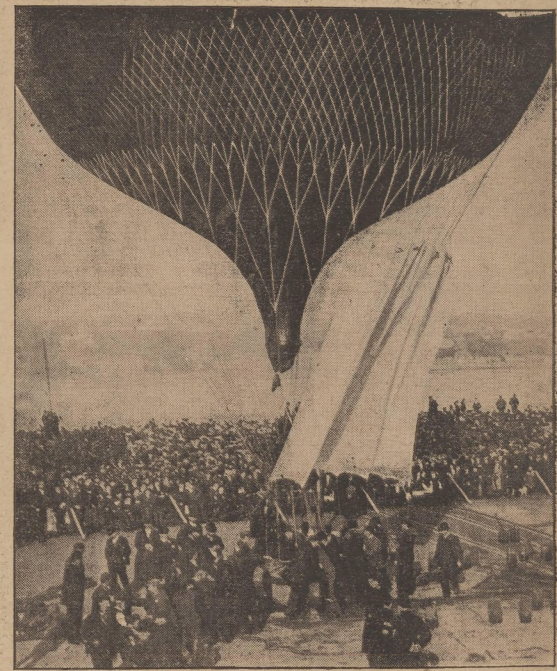
Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the "New York Tribune," who has been nominated by President Roosevelt to be Ambassador to Great Britain in place of Mr. Joseph H. Choate.

THE MISSING LINK.



During this foggy weather the link extinguishers to be found outside many old doorways in London have come into use again, for torches have been in great demand. The one illustrated is in St. James's-square.

DEAD AERONAUT'S ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE.



The start of the late Rev. J. M. Bacon and Mr. Spencer on their adventurous trip from the Isle of Man to Scotland in November, 1902. The journey took four hours. The picture shows the balloon just on the point of commencing its adventurous voyage, and the canvas wind-screen used during inflation to prevent the wind from interfering with the current of gas.—(Warburton.)

WHO MAKES THE LAWS?

The Cabinet or the House of Commons?

By Viscount TURNOUR, M.P.

The inquirer into the machinery of English politics, who takes Machiavelli's advice and endeavours to "follow the real truth of things rather than an imaginary view of them," is confronted by the difficulty which forced from De Tocqueville, in a moment of irritation, the impatient aphorism that there is no constitution in England; *elle n'existe point*.

The difficulty goes beyond the obvious difference, so often noticed, between an unwritten constitution and one embodied in fundamental acts or organic laws like that of the United States, or that of France under the Third Republic.

It is not so much that our constitution is unwritten, for, of course, much the largest part of it is written and printed, but that it is uncodified and flexible, where others are rigid.

We are not concerned with a solid building, to which a room may be added here, and a wing there, but with a living organism, in a condition of perpetual growth and change, of development and decay.

In these few words, which occur at the very beginning of his book ("The Government of England," Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Sidney Low sums up admirably the vague feeling of failure which strikes the average man who has conscientiously been through a course of English Political and Constitutional History with a view to acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of the extent and limitations of the English Constitution.

Handy-book for Young M.P.s.

Mr. Low's book, which is written in good, clean, concise English, should be of real value, not only to people in this frame of mind, who want someone to help them in forming their opinions, but also to people who, like the writer of this article, begin their practical political life early, and who have scarcely the time or inclination to dive deeply into abstruse text-books, which, by being even only ten years old, may convey an altogether wrong impression of the English political machine.

For instance, until the last few years, it was true to say, as did Tod, that "since 1688 the principal change affected by the development of the English Constitution has been the virtual transference of the centre and force of the State, from the Crown to the House of Commons." But it is not also true that during the last thirty years (or even, as Mr. Low considers, since 1832) the most noticeable tendency has been to shift this "centre and force" from Parliament to the Cabinet?

It is a discussion of this question of the relations of the Cabinet to the House of Commons, and of the present position of the House of Commons, which may be said to be the principal characteristic of the first half of Mr. Low's book. He points out that nowadays the chances of the private member to be a practical legislator are almost nil. Discussion has been stifled, partly by the exigencies of the ever-increasing flow of public business, and partly by the more stringent rules of the House;

and as a means of ventilating public opinion, or influencing Ministers, the public Press and the political platform outside the House are serious rivals.

As he says on page 63, "The House is scarcely a Legislating Chamber; it is a Machine for discussing the Legislative proposals of Ministers, and only one amongst the various instruments by which political discussion in this country may be carried on."

Mr. Low, who has scarcely succeeded in this book (even if he has tried) to conceal his political opinion, makes rather a bitter complaint against the absolute impotency of Parliament to stop the closure by Ministers over an important measure. If a humble criticism may be offered, it is that Mr. Low scarcely realises the circumstances which have brought about the muzzling of Parliament. Can anyone seriously contend that the conduct of certain sections of the House of Commons was not sufficiently bad to justify far more stringent measures than we have at present?

Dignity at a Discount.

The duty of a Minister is to govern the country, and not to be subjected on every occasion to harassing cross-examination and obstruction, which in these days of high pressure may strain to breaking point his endurance and power of calm judgment.

Of course, such obstruction and cross-examination have always been an integral part of our Parliamentary system, but the duties and responsibilities of Ministers become more onerous every year, while the sense of dignity, or even of patriotism, of certain sections of the House do not grow larger. Again, the existence of a Party, like the Nationalist Party, pledged to do all it can not to overthrow a Ministry only, for that is the duty of every Opposition, but to put out of gear the whole machine of Parliament, and render it impotent and ridiculous, must be taken into consideration. One fears one must agree with Lord Cecil in his speech (quoted in this book) on the revised rules of Procedure:—

"We hear often of the infringements of the rights of private members, and it cannot be denied that a transfer of political power from the House of Commons to the Cabinet is going on."

Why is it that nobody cares, outside these walls, about the rights of private members? Because there is a deep-seated feeling that the House is an institution which has ceased to have much authority or much respect, and that when a better institution—the Cabinet—encroaches upon the rights of a worse one, it is a matter of small concern to the country.

The "Governing Class."

Two most interesting chapters are those devoted to the limitations of democracy as a Government by Amateurs." Mr. Low sets forth the usual complaint that the Government of this country is in the hands of a certain class, nor is this predominant governing clique confined to one Party in the State. He admits that at present there is no remedy, and he bestows some rather grudging praise on this class.

The members of this class have always exhibited, and continue to exhibit, many qualities which Englishmen esteem.

They are upright, well-meaning, and good-tempered, and they survey public affairs with that calm, unimpassioned, common sense which we understand and rather admire.

Some of them are persons of the highest intellectual capacity, and most of them are fairly able, and at least as well informed as the average members of their class. And it may be said that they are the sort of men who

have, for centuries, led the English people in peace and war, in commerce and administration, and by whom, on the whole, the English people have shown themselves well content to be led.

A different kind of leadership may be required in the future, and it may or may not be forthcoming. But so far the traditions of the past have continued to prevail, and their influence, in this respect, though, no doubt, decreasing steadily, is still very great.

Mr. Low has written a very readable book, which may well be commended not only to the political student (for reasons I have mentioned above), but also to a great number of busy people, who, as citizens, should know more about the House of Commons than is to be gleaned from the perusal of an article in an illustrated magazine on some set subject, such as the ventilating apparatus, in the House of Commons. TURNOUR.

"HOUSEKEEPING IN JOHANNESBURG."

"The question of a regular milk supply seemed for a time almost as difficult of comfortable settlement as the Chinese labour question. Milk is sent out in whisky or vinegar bottles.

"For our first bottle of milk a shilling was paid at a shop. I spoke to the milkman who delivered at the opposite house and found his price was ninepence a bottle, but I knew of some other people quite near who were only paying sixpence."

This is one of the difficulties which confront the housekeeper in Johannesburg, as told by J. H. Spetteigne in the "Empire Review."

Deverill's carriage-house everything was plain. Now, to one who was not thoroughly familiar with mechanism would have thought of injuring the pipe which broke down. A tyre would have been pierced, or some more obvious way of inflicting injury would have been chosen. If Deverill could be proved to know a great deal about motors, it was clear that it was possible for him in a single, deftly delivered blow so to injure this pipe that it would break down after half a mile or so of vibration.

Though he understood this clearly, though it would have been easy for him to say that he had never owned a car, and knew little of them, nevertheless he frankly confessed that he had taken great interest in the industry, that he had once owned some shares in a small company, that he had spent considerable time in the machine-shop, that he understood thoroughly the general principles of the engine. His candour on such an important point, which could not have been against him except by his own admissions, was regarded by some lawyers as a weakness, but it helped to deepen the impression of frankness.

Much was made by the prosecution of his pecuniary position. A clerk from his bank had attended and given evidence as to the state of his account; but he told them a great deal more than they knew, and explained in detail precisely how he stood. He had admitted, without the slightest display of feeling, that he should have been unable to repay Brasser by a sum of eight or nine thousand pounds; that even if he had sold his property and everything he had in the world he could not have made good the entire sum.

"If Brasser had lived, then," asked the prosecuting counsel, "and had taken action against you, in the end his claim would have been unsatisfied in full, and you would have been an absolute pauper?"

"Absolute."

"He would have made you a bankrupt, no doubt?"

"No doubt."

And so it went on through the whole long ordeal. The witness never seemed to think that his life was at stake, that this answer or that answer might perhaps affect the issues in his favour, that this evasion, or that explanation, might minimise his peril. Such an attitude was so unusual that it

(Continued on page 11.)

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THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LIII.

"He Hasn't Done It."

When Richard Deverill entered the dock at the assembling of the Court on the succeeding morning, none could have guessed from his manner that his life was at stake; that that day should see him condemned to a shameful end. The fastidious habits of one careful as to personal appearance had not been broken by imprisonment; and he was dressed, as always, with a scrupulous elegance. His demeanour quiet and composed, and he displayed none of that hardy and restless assertion characteristic of a criminal playing the innocent part. His deadly paleness enhanced the dignity of his appearance; his fine profile was as though carved from a cameo; his blue eyes, undimmed by sleepless nights and days of care, shone with a brilliant, steady light. Those in court accustomed to note the carriage of men in his position agreed that his bearing was such as they had never before seen.

Hugh Mordaunt alone understood the secret of this serenity. He alone was aware that Richard Deverill regarded himself as on whom fate had necessarily brought the punishment for a great sin, of whom Providence was justly demanding a great expiation.

The courageous man does not struggle against the inevitable, and Richard Deverill's surrender was made with an infinite dignity.

His first action was to look quietly and comprehensively about him, then, with a relieved expression, he nodded to Hugh Mordaunt. It was his expression of thanks for having kept Lady Gascoyne away from the final scene.

His message had accomplished its purpose. Her ladyship had yielded instantly when told that her absence would enable him the better to undergo the ordeal of the witness-box.

Mordaunt had also given his promise that he would keep Lady Gascoyne in touch with what happened in court—an easy thing to do, because the house was so near; so from time to time he dispatched a little note to Gertrude; and these notes, as was to be expected, seemed to say much, but actually conveyed nothing. No one could predict to which side the scales would incline when the weights on each side of the balance were so even. A feather would decide it—and it became more and more evident that that feather rested in the hands of the Judge. Where he should lay it in his summing-up there would the balance fall; so far, that is, as any man speak with certainty of the action of a jury.

Deverill's demeanour in the witness-box obviously made a great impression on the twelve men who were sitting in judgment on him. Without hesitation, without pausing for one instant to consider what the effect upon his fortunes might be, he gave prompt and decided answers.

The prosecution had expected, with some confidence, to discover discrepancies between his statements as now given and those which he had made before the coroner at a time when he had not been charged. There was no such discrepancy, however. He escaped triumphantly the damning danger of self-contradiction; and this evidently not by intention, nor through cleverness, but simply because he was concerned only to narrate the plain facts. He was subjected to a merciless, though insidious, cross-examination with reference to his servant Clark, but his answers convinced most listeners that the disappearance of this man had come about without his knowledge, and through no arrangement on his part.

He was put through an almost scientific examination as to the construction of motor-cars. He saw in an instant what that meant. No proof had yet been adduced as to how any man in his house could have known the breaking down of the car in the vicinity. No evidence had been brought forward to show how it was that the murderer could have known that an accident had placed the life of Brasser at his mercy. How did the man who took up that gun and put on those boots know that Brasser was never twenty miles away? If car had been tampered with while it stood in

CHILDREN WHO DO NOT KNOW THE BIBLE.

Some Amusing Anecdotes of the Mistakes They Make in Bible History.

In the "Times" yesterday appeared a letter from a New Zealand vicar on the subject of lack of religious teaching in the New Zealand schools. To quote his own words:—

I say plainly and positively that a purely secular system of education is nothing less than a national disaster. My own experience is that children are, as a rule, deplorably ignorant of Biblical facts.

Strangely enough, an answer to his letter has just appeared quite independently. It takes the form of a collection of "Schoolroom Humour," collected by Dr. Macnamara in the Christmas number of "The Schoolmaster." Quite a large proportion of the "howlers" show "deplorable ignorance of Biblical facts."

Old Testament history is more than a little involved in the mind of the child who perpetrated the following when writing of Elijah:—

As Elijah went up to Heaven he dropped his mantle, and Queen Elizabeth walked over it.

This shows a very quaint idea of the Old Testament life:—

"What was the first thing that the little boy Samuel did when he got up in the morning?"

"Please, sir, he carried up a cup of tea to Eli."

One wonders, too, what could have inspired:—

"When our Lord was baptised, what bird came down on His head?"

"Please, sir, a little yellow-hammer, sir."

—or the answer to

"What was Jesus Christ put into after He was born?"

"Into breeches, m'am."

The greater number of the children's quaint mistakes arise from the children's habit of learning Scripture texts viva-voce from the teacher, without thinking of the meaning of the words. Many repetitions cause them to distort the words and give rise to such examples as the following:—

Little Tommy, in his version of the "Temptation," said that Christ sat on a stool of bread and butter in the wilderness. Judicious questions elicited the fact that Tommy based his opinions upon these extracts: "Man shall not live by bread alone." And "Get thee hence, Satan!" (get thee hence).

The following occurred in a Dublin school during the Scripture lesson:—

"What does the Bible say will happen to the proud?"

"Please, sir, they will become animals."

"Oh, that's a curious answer. What text have you to prove it?"

"He that humbly himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be a base!" (abased).

The Commandments give rise to many quaint mistakes. The Seventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adultery," appears as "Thou

shalt not kick a duckery," and "Thou shalt not come into the country." The latter is splendid.

The wanderings of the Israelites must have been very extensive in the mind of the small child who wrote that "Moses died before he reached Canada, but he saw it from a mountain," while a new conception of the temple is shown by "Solomon built a temple to put his wives in."

Exactly what the children think of heaven it would be difficult to say, but a clue is given by the little girl of five who volunteered the information that the snow was swept out of heaven.

"But how does it get into heaven?" asked the master. "Please, sir, the angels scratch it off their wings."

So does the following conversation between a teacher and two little brothers of four and five summers:—

"Please can Stanley play on my harp?" cried the bigger.

"Yes, I shall! Yes, I shall!" taunted little Stanley.

"But, Harold, you haven't a harp."

"When we're in Heaven!" he muttered fiercely. "He says, when we're in Heaven he shall play on my harp!"

Surely the New Zealand vicar does not claim that his little parishioners are more "ignorant of Biblical facts, than Dr. Macnamara shows English children to be.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD,



who reappeared last night in Mr. Barrie's children's play—(Ellis and Watery.)

HAMLET ON A BICYCLE.

The Japanese version of "Hamlet," as presented by Mr. Kawthar and Mme. Sadala Yocco in Kobe, has been brought up to date with a vengeance.

"The climax is reached in Hamlet himself," says the "Kobe Herald," "when he makes his appearance on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings."

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 10.)

commanded respect—with reservation. There were those who remembered the warning of the prosecuting counsel in his opening speech. They recalled the references to the great abilities of the prisoner, to his knowledge of the fact that the first requisite for one in his position was to appear to have nothing to conceal.

Three times while he was in the witness-box did Deverill's high and confident demeanour for an instant desert him; and nobody noted these moments, or thought of them, except Mordant. They came when the Judge addressed the prisoner directly. Three minor questions were asked from the Bench, asked each time in the gentlest and kindest manner, asked for the purpose of helping the prisoner to make his meaning clear. Each time Deverill's eyes fell, and he hesitated for his answer. It was delivered always in a low voice, and without that steady gaze at the questioner which he had before given to counsel. Deverill could not stand face to face with the man whom he had wronged.

But Mordant thought, when Deverill's examination was over, that he detected a glance of commendation from the Bench to the dock. Mordant sent a scribbled note to Gertrude.

"He has given his evidence," he wrote; "nothing unexpected happened. He gave it so well that the effect is entirely favourable both on Judge and jury. I hope for the best. Will certainly finish to-day."

Mordant wrote with great reserve. He believed in his heart that an acquittal must follow. So also did the senior counsel on the same side, whose opinions were, of course, worth much more than his. He did not dare, however, to raise Lady Gascoyne's hopes too high. Had he known what the effect of his guarded notes and of other incidents was to be, however, he would not have hesitated to set down an absolute certainty that the verdict would be in Deverill's favour. He would have gone to any length to prevent what subsequently happened—but he could not foresee that his very caution would precipitate the catastrophe, which he and Gertrude were bending their souls to prevent.

Deverill was practically the only witness on his

own behalf. When a man is confronted only by circumstantial evidence there is nothing for him to say, or for witnesses to say for him, unless he can establish an alibi. As the evidence of Mrs. Clark and of Deverill himself was to the effect that he had retired at half-past ten that night, and had not emerged from his bedroom until the next morning; and as he testified that he had slept soundly the night through—no doubt, as he confessed, somewhat owing to the spirits he had consumed—there was nothing else to prove on his behalf.

Witnesses as to character, of course, were numerous. Every landed gentleman in the neighbourhood had volunteered to come forward on his behalf. It was clear from what they said that his whole life had been an open book. Few men, in fact, could have withstood the scrutiny which his life had undergone in the time since the murder of Brasser.

The one dark and blotched page, sealed and fastened down, had been unread, save by half-dozen people. For the writing of that page of his life-history, Deverill was prepared to pay the penalty.

After the adjournment for luncheon, the distinguished King's Counsel, the well-known Mr. Cantor, immensely tall, broad in proportion, with an immense head, and a high, straight forehead, compact of dignity and force, began his closing speech against the prisoner.

His opening was redeemed from conventionality by the profound earnestness with which it was uttered; and an equal earnestness distinguished the succeeding utterances of the great advocate. These were necessarily devoted to the ingenious enlargement of every fact against the prisoner, to the minimising of every fact in his favour.

Mr. Cantor then dwelt with impressive force upon what he was pleased to call the absurdity of suggesting that the missing Clark could have been guilty, enlarged upon the feeble character of the man, upon his lack of physical strength, and upon the absence of motive. He then proceeded to pile up to ever-ascending heights the advantages which would accrue to Richard Deverill through the death of Brasser. He pictured him, if acquitted, as leaving that court room in the enjoyment of affluence, the result of the terrible death so fortuitous for him, within half a mile of his door, of one with whom he had violently quarrelled the whole even-

AMERICANISED PEERAGE.

A Long List of Nobles Who Have Brought Home American Brides.

The wedding of the Earl of Suffolk and Miss Leiter adds another name to the already lengthy list of American peeresses.

These now number twenty, if we include the wives of eldest sons. Most of them are daughters of rich financiers.

There are five American duchesses, their graces of Manchester, Marlborough, and Roxburghe, with

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT,



who is also playing in "Peter Pan."—(Ellis and Watery.)

the Dowager Duchesses of Marlborough and Manchester.

The Marchioness of Dufferin is the only marchioness, but the Countess of Yarmouth was only one day be Marchioness of Hertford.

In addition to Lady Yarmouth, there are five other American countesses—Lady Craven, Lady Donoughmore, Lady Essex, Lady Oxford, and the new Lady Suffolk.

There is only one American viscountess—Lady Dorchest, the wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry—and there are six wives of barons—Lady Abinger, Lady Bagot, Lady Barrymore, Lady Bateman, Lady Chylesmore, Lady Curzon, and Lady Newborough.

The Leiter family now has three daughters married to prominent Englishmen—one to the Viceroy of India, another to Major Colin Campbell, and the third to Lord Suffolk.

Other famous names now to be found in English "peerages" are those of Vanderbilt (Duchess of Marlborough), Bradley-Martin (Lady Craven), and Ogden Goelet (Duchess of Roxburghe).

ing, upon whom the prisoner had already committed one violent assault.

He made light of the suggestions so constantly thrown out by his learned friends of the other side, that the prisoner would have been more careful to conceal the traces of his crime. He dwelt at length on the violent anger which the prisoner had shown, upon his abandonment to an uncontrolled rage, a rage inflamed by an unusual indulgence in drink. He pointed out that it would be natural for one in his condition, reckless of everything, thinking nought of the morrow, caring nothing for consequences, to march with a desperate hardness to the scene of the crime, to return with the same indifference, thinking nothing, knowing nothing, caring nothing, for the trail which he had left behind him.

These two points—motive and Deverill's excited condition—were laboured at great length, and with ever increasing fervour by Mr. Cantor; and when he had finished with these, and had dealt with such detail as it required with the evidence, he ended with a solemn appeal to the jury.

"This case," he said, "has attracted much attention, and special circumstances have excited much public feeling with regard to it. I say this to you—pay no regard to the voice of the country, whether it be for condemnation or acquittal. Think only of the eternal voices of your own conscience, of the sense of duty which you owe to God and to man. There was a hush in the court when the learned counsel resumed his seat.

The solicitor who, earlier in the case, had referred in a whisper to his friend to the necessity of following the trail from the lower floor of Deverill's house up the one flight of stairs, to his bedroom door, turned and looked at his neighbour, shaking his head doubtfully.

"It was very clever," he whispered, "but he hasn't done it. They can never convict on that evidence."

"What we want," was the answer, "is the Scotch verdict. Here's a case, if ever there was one, to say 'Not Proven.'"

The solicitor nodded. Then he looked across the court at the bench.

"It's an even thing, one way or the other," he whispered, "it will all depend on the Judge's summing-up."

"Hush, Mortimer is rising."

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE MODERN PANTOMIME.

I have just read a very interesting article in the "Daily Mail" about pantomimes. It is quite true they are not for children any more.

I took my children and a neighbour's, last year, to Drury Lane. Long before it was over one was asleep, two were crying from sheer weariness, and the fourth asked repeatedly whether it would not soon be tea-time.

Felham-place, S.W.

A. FATHER.

POLITICS AND PANTOMIME.

What is all this nonsense about "Political Pantomimes"? As if any serious influence whatever were exercised by these preposterous variety entertainments, with their women as boys, and their men as old women!

If this search for politics where they are not goes on, we shall have Mr. George Edwardes being canvassed in the free food interest, and low comedians engaged to act as Government Whips.

Stockport. ISAAC HENDERSON.

INCONSISTENT MR. ROOSEVELT.

President Roosevelt is always telling women that they must be content to obey their husbands and look after their families.

Fired by his words, I have taken strong measures to keep my wife in order—the measures including now and again a little corporal chastisement, which always has the best effect.

Now President Roosevelt proposes that wife-beaters shall be whipped! I think he has gone back upon me in the most unkind manner.

FIVE FOOT TWO.

MISS CORELLI AND DICKENS.

Your correspondent, with all due deference, seems to be lacking in a sense of the proportion of things.

What Shakespeare did was to take a crude plot, and with the magic of his genius to form a masterpiece of the raw material. From Shakespeare to Corelli is a far cry.

To have plagiarised Dickens's story in the way Miss Corelli has done is nothing short of literary desecration, which the "Daily Mirror" has done rightly in showing up to the uninitiated.

To put it allegorically, plagiarism, to my mind, is like rifling the graves of the great dead of their laurels and putting them on one's own head.

131, Victoria-street, W. H. GINGOLD.

Received yesterday postal order for 30s. from the assistants of Messrs. Crisp and Co.; Seven Sisters-road, Holloway, for the post and telegrams and Canning Town. Amount forwarded to the Central Committee, 124, Barking-road, West Ham.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

Pantomime No Longer for Children.

Sequence in the story has, since the invasion of music-hall airs and manners, become of subsidiary importance.—*Daily Graphic*.

To sit the pantomime out, until the very close of the harlequinade, seems a task rivaling the siege of Port Arthur.—*Morning Post*.

Pantomimes have not got back to being the most suitable entertainment that can be conceived for the amusement of children.—*Daily News*.

Drury Lane is fast falling into the category of theatres which must be looked at doubtfully, and looked at long, before children are taken there.—*Daily Mail*.

It is the child who, after all, is monarch of pantomime, and one day the manager of Drury Lane will see to it that the pantomime at the famous house is not merely long, gaudy, and music-hally, but coherent, graceful, and funny instead.—*Star*.

The Drury Lane pantomime contrasts rather unfavourably with those of recent years, in that the story is not so closely adhered to, nor so well strung together. This is a pity, for children are more logical than their elders, and dearly love a story they can follow.—*Morning Leader*.

No Racing Enthusiasts Left.

Racing is a business nowadays; the old-fashioned enthusiasm has vanished except on rare occasions.—*Mr. Leopold de Rothschild in the Biddimont Magazine*.

An Unsuspected Cause.

Coldness of feet and limbs is almost invariably an evidence of indigestion.—*Dr. J. H. Vellgoss in "Good Health."*

He Was Sorry He Took It.

We feel sure that the editor of the "Daily Mail" will be sorry to hear that he has been instrumental in getting a little boy into serious trouble. In the list of suggested Christmas presents which our contemporary published the other day, under the heading "For Father," appeared "Large Bath Sponge." The youth in question followed the "Mail's" advice, and his father, who is a German gentleman, proved absurdly touchy, and the little lad is not yet able to sit down with comfort.—*Punch*.

HOW A LEADING WEST-END FIRM OF DRAPERS PREPARES FOR ITS STOCK-TAKING SALE.

WOULD you like to know how a great sale like the January one which will begin on Monday next at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's vast establishment at Piccadilly-circus and in Regent-street is prepared? The details that you will hear you will find are most interesting. No one except those who are behind the scenes would guess how interesting such an occasion as this can be.

First of all, let us inquire who it is that decides how low each piece of goods is to be marked down. That is one of the secrets of the firm's govern of which very few people are aware. The who buys has a vague idea that some generalis of the firm utters a ukase to the effect that much per cent. must be docked off the usual charge all round, and that then a ready arithmetician goes round the shop with a pot of red ink and a pen in his hand, and, having made the necessary calculations, forthwith alters the prices on each little ticket, to what they are to be for the month of the sale.

WHAT THE BUYERS DO.

Such a scheme would not in the least bit work in an undertaking of so gigantic a nature as Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, though it might in a village shop suit the purpose of its proprietor admirably. What happens this week at the great establishment in Piccadilly-circus and Regent-street (and remember the arrangements for the sale have to be accomplished between Tuesday morning and Saturday at midday) is this.

Each department has its own buyer and its own head stockkeeper, and when the January sales loom in sight these men put their heads together and go through the various departments carefully. Each line of goods is passed in review, and the buyer makes up his mind and informs the head stockkeeper what prices shall be charged for each separate set at the sale.

The buyer is a man of astute wisdom; he has his own reasons for bringing down the prices of some articles enormously. Do not jump to the conclusion that it is when he perceives that a certain set of goods are likely to go out of fashion that he orders a big drop; as often as not he will lower that of an article that has just been introduced by Madam Fashion, very probably in order to encourage customers to make acquaintance with the department in which that article is to be found. But as a rule his generosity runs side by side with the bargain he has himself made with the manufacturer from whom the goods were bought.

GOING IN THE LACE DEPARTMENT.

A stroll through the lace department will make my meaning clear. There will be perceived as

of which was 47s. 6d., while the sale price is only 29s. 11d. Again, there are just 170 sequined net robes that cost 33s. 9d. only, though before their price was 52s. Then again, there are some lovely point de Flandre lace berthes and cravats that are to be literally given away at 12s. 11d., 10s. 9d., and 2s. 3d. Probably these were marked extraordinarily low outside the sale period, for they may have been bought in bulk from a dealer who wanted cash badly, and was glad to sell his stock at a real sacrifice.

Y THEY WANT MONEY.

It often happens that a buyer can make marvellous bargains for the customers of his firm in this way, and, moreover, that he can also afford to lower the prices of those bargains very consider-

able of goods that, otherwise, would curtail their space. If you come with me I will show you in the mantle and costume departments how they are going to ensure a clearance there. They are almost going to give thousands of pounds' worth of stock away to their customers to effect a clearance.

One real and most desirable bargain is the Balmoral, a useful three-quarter coat made of reversible tweed of a very good quality, with a deep cape and a lining of squirrel lock fur. For months to come women will be wanting wraps such as this. Well, during the ordinary course of events this cape cost 39s. 6d., which proves it to be a good one; but next Monday it will go at 25s. 9d., and a more wonderful bargain it would be hard to imagine, and still more hard to find.

Next on the list, amidst mountains of other bargains for children, girls, matrons, and elderly ladies, are the evening mantles, coats, and capes. For three guineas and a half there is a black satin

measure for 3s. 6d. extra. Another glorious opportunity in the costume department is the Tourist, a pleated walking skirt in hopsack and Venetian cloth, in black, navy blue, and all colours, lined with linette, and priced at 16s. 9d. only!

Supposing you happen to be in Swan and Edgar's this week, keep your eyes open and you will see



The Balmoral is a splendid bargain at 25s. 9d.



The Covent Evening Cape costs only 17s. 9d. at the Sale.

very special bargains 220 smart black spotted Russian net robes, unmade, with very prettily-shaped skirts and material for the bodice, the usual price

ably when the sale time comes. For it must be remembered that the buyer is like the manufacturer or wholesale dealer. He, too, wants cash. He wants cash in order that he may go forth with his pockets full of money to make purchases for the new spring stock. Did it ever occur to you that each buyer in a big firm was allowed so much, and no more, to spend upon his stock? That is so. And that is another secret of a big business career, and one that accounts for the alarming sacrifices made at the stock-taking sales. The buyers want their thousands of pounds to turn over for the spring stock. They don't like the winter stock when they see the spring goods the manufacturers flourish before their eyes. It is natural that they should? So they aid and abet the task of getting rid of the winter goods with every atom of zest they possess. And the purchasers are eager for room. They must accommodate the new stock that is to come in, and to do so they have to clear away

trained coat, called the Cynthia, which is trimmed with white fur and passementerie and is lined with cream or coloured quilted silk. The same model in good tannine cloth is priced at two guineas, though it usually costs three guineas. A perfectly charming cape, known as the Covent, made of that now again so fashionable fabric cashmere, has an accordion-pleated flounce as an edging, and trimmings of white fur all round, very lavishly disposed. It is lined with quilted silk, and yet only costs 17s. 9d. No girl, with January balls in view and a few shillings in her pocket, should neglect this opportunity of making her outgoing and incomings to and from the dance picturesque occasions.

THE PRIZE OF PRIZES.

The bargain par excellence of the sale is a skirt called the Rinta, which is to be offered in cream or black velvet, actually lined with glacé silk and made in the very latest mode, gauged round the waist and above the full flounce both tucked and gauged. As a rule this skirt costs two guineas, now it amounts to 21s. 9d. only. This is the prize of prizes, and though it is obtainable ready-made in a stock size only, namely, a waist of 25in., a front of 9in., and a back of 54in.; it can be made to

each salesman and woman who is not otherwise engaged very busy with paper tickets, ink, and pens. They are all altering the ordinary prices on the sale tickets to the bargain prices. Presently they will fix each little label in its place with its tiny pin, or taking their needles and thread, will sew the labels on. It is a Herculean task, but then there is an army of attendants to undertake it, and the comparatively quiet days that ensue between Boxing Day and the end of the year make the opportunity a favourable one for the preparations that must usher in next week's great event.

NO LOCKING OUT.

Excessive care is taken in handling the blouses, which are kept in their tissue-paper coverings, well protected from the ravages of fog and dust. Just a little corner is pulled out and the ticket attached to it in double quick time, before any havoc can be worked on the delicate fabric.

There are three very notable bargains in the blouse department. One is a smart evening model made of accordion-pleated brilliant chiffon on a Japanese silk foundation, trimmed with lace insertion and threadings of ribbon, the very prettiest affair that can be procured in ivory or black. Though it is worth not a farthing less than 35s., this model is going to be sold for 18s. 11d. next week! At the same price, a crêpe de Chine blouse, with a high neck and very handsome trimmings of écarlate-coloured guipure, in ivory, sky-blue, pink, and navy-blue will be available, and another blouse of the same delicate fabric, crêpe de Chine, with a beautiful yoke of guipure-lace, and a broad band of drawn tucks beneath it, will cost 25s. 11d., though its original price was very little under 32s.

The firm of Swan and Edgar is far famed for its little adjuncts of the toilette, and customers who go to the sale next week fully expecting to find bargains in the flowers, ribbons, gloves, stockings, trimming, and odds and ends departments, will discover full satisfaction. There are some silver-plated vases, which it is expected will sell hot cakes, for they cost only 1s. 0 1/2d. each. But, then, the sale of silver in the department devoted to real and silver-plated goods will be sensational.

Very special pains are taken to control the rush of customers that make their appearance for this splendid and truly wonderful sale. None of the batches, and yet every accommodation will be found for each customer inside, owing to the perfect control exercised in keeping the gangways clear, and making the exits numerous and easy to find. The establishment is a very large one, and as everything right through it is reduced, each department finds its complement of customers without any undue crushing or inconvenience of the slightest description.

HOW A WOMAN CONDUCTS A BAKING-POWDER BUSINESS AT HOME.

AN ENTERPRISING UNDERTAKING.

BAKING-POWDER RECIPE AS A PECUNIARY ASSET.

It is astonishing the ingenuity women show in initiating ideas for businesses or professions for themselves in these days.

One bread-winner has started a baking-powder business in her own house, from whence she turns out yearly hundreds of boxes of real home-made baking-powder. One or two of the best wholesale firms in the City are agents for it, and she also supplies a large number of clients privately, sending them a dozen boxes at a time to order.

Her recipe this successful manufacturer naturally keeps a profound secret. All the powder is

wonderful that the doctor said at once, "My dear lady, if you want to make money—there is money in this." And so it has proved.

The doctor offered a certificate, and the baking-powder was also analysed and certified as being absolutely pure by an analytical chemist. The next process was to get it taken up by a wholesale firm, and here comes an illustration of the inventor's remarkable enterprise and determination. She made two cakes, one with some other baking-powder and one with her own. Underneath each she placed a paper to indicate which powder had been used. She took these two cakes up to one of the most exclusive houses in the City, and invited the head of the firm to partake of a slice of each. "There is no doubt which is the best," he said. "This is a much moister, lighter cake, while the other is hard and dry." She turned over the cake which had received this encomium and showed the name of her baking-powder, the Regal, underneath.

Then the critic was asked to select between two little mounds of white powder, and again the inventor's make was awarded the palm, because it was so much more effervescent than the other.



Kilted frills are being used as trimmings again, a point demonstrated in the sketch above, where they figure upon a gown of blue supple cloth, adorned with an edging of chin-chilla. The little girl's hat is made of ermine cloth—a capital imitation of the fur—with bunches of tiny pink roses at the sides.

On the left is shown a hat of aubergine felt, with a big handful of violets beneath the brim, and a rim of mink upon the edge of it.

mixed by the originator herself. She also packs the baking-powder in air-proof paper rolled into cylindrical bags, which are then slipped into circular wooden boxes. Even the pretty outer paper wrappers are put on by her own hands. One can imagine how dainty is the result, and, above all, how scrupulously and charmingly clean everything is kept, a great consideration in these days of scare over the uncleanly preparation of food. As the business increases this proprietor has determined that only ladies will be employed in the various processes of making and packing.

How the Idea Started.

It is interesting to hear how the idea of inaugurating such a business originated. A West End doctor happened to be taking tea with the lady inventor, and while extolling her cakes complained that he could never get passable cakes or pastry at home. He was promptly presented with a little packet of the magic baking-powder. The effects, even in the hands of an unskillful cook, were so

it is because of its extreme effervescence that this baking-powder is so economical, 25 per cent. less being required of it than of our kind in actual use. The boxes in which it is sold cost 4d. and 8d. each, and contain about a quarter and half a pound.

One little story the clever business woman likes to relate as a proof of the genuine excellence of her invention is as follows:—She has a daughter, who is a well-known cake-maker. Her cakes are, of course, always made with the baking-powder of her mother, but at one time, while her mother was ill, it could not be procured. To her surprise she began to receive, instead of the appreciative letters to which she was accustomed, complaints to say that her cakes were not as good as usual. She returned to the Regal make, and her clients to their normal satisfaction.

A bride should not use any pins in her wedding clothes.

A bride should wear nothing green, for that colour is emblematical of evil.

PRETTY HANDS.

A MANICURE'S HINTS.

Women who are afraid to wash their hands for fear of making them chap can quiet their fears. Soap and water never yet injured a pair of hands; but there are ways and ways of washing the hands and particularly in the winter.

Take warm water and let it be soft. Add a teaspoonful of borax-powder to the water to soften it, and still more if necessary. Now take good soap and wash the hands well. Next rinse them, and when the hands are perfectly free from soap dry them perfectly, then rub a little skin food into them. Men's hands do not chap in winter because they wear thick gloves so that their hands are not subjected to the extremes of heat and cold.

Women who are addicted to the reprehensible habit of biting their finger-nails, will find a remedy in keeping them polished. The nails, if very highly polished, feel brittle to the teeth, and there is not the same temptation to bite them. Women will not bite highly-manicured nails. It is said that polish for the nails is going out of fashion, but still one sees it, for there is something very attractive about the gloss, a certain dainty finish which cannot be obtained in any other manner. Polishing the nails with the palm of the hand gives good results. Put a little polishing-powder in one palm, rub the nails vigorously, and then, shaking the powder out of the hand, polish them. This gives a deeper, pinker flush than the ordinary polisher, and so is preferable.

CHEESE AIGRETTES.

Take four ounces of flour, half a pint of cold water, one ounce of butter, two eggs, pepper, salt, and cayenne, and three ounces of grated cheese. Dry the flour in a cool oven, then put it through a sieve. Put the water and butter into a pan and let them boil, and when boiling add the flour. Stir the mixture well over the fire until it will leave the sides of the pan quite clean, then take it off the fire and allow it to cool a little. Next add the eggs one by one. Season the whole nicely and add the cheese. Parmesan has the best flavour. Spread it out on a plate to cool, and have ready some frying fat, not quite boiling. Take a teaspoonful of the mixture, drop it into the fat and fry it a golden brown. Drain the aigrettes on paper, and serve them very hot with grated cheese sprinkled over the top.

HEALTHY HOSIERY.

ALWAYS WASH NEW STOCKINGS.

Common sense will certainly decide that plain stockings are far more appropriate than openwork ones at this season of the year for street wear, whether with boots or shoes. But for indoor wear with slippers there are too many fascinating designs for women to abandon the openwork pattern altogether. To a great extent, however, embroidery is taking the place of openwork, and one sees stockings embroidered from the toe nearly to the knee in all manner of ways. Flowers, birds, butterflies, grapes, and cherries appear; in fact, everything that is decorative finds a place on the new hosiery. Nor has the stocking with its critics of lace been relegated to the limbo of things forgotten.

No matter how pretty a stocking looks, it should never be worn until it has been thoroughly washed. This may seem over-particular to many, but the dye used to colour some hosiery contains a certain element that is poisonous to some persons, and entering the skin through a slight abrasion will frequently cause serious trouble. Red stockings are the most likely to be injurious.

Another thing to guard against is the stocking that is too short. One of the greatest causes of bunions is the stocking that does not give the toes sufficient room. Light as the pressure is, it is yet so steady as to cause this painful condition of the joints. After putting the stocking on it should be pulled out from the toes to give them greater freedom, and incidentally prevent the stockings from wearing out.

A stocking should not be too long, however. If it is it will surely wrinkle and cause the foot to blister. A good plan is to have the stocking half an inch longer than the foot measurement, this length being sufficient to give the foot perfect freedom and yet run no risk of hurting it in any way.

A LETTER FRAME.

A dainty frame for letters and cards can be made at home out of stiff Bristol board and ribbon. Use a panel, about a foot long and eight inches wide, which may be tinted the colour desired, and put on it strips of narrow satin ribbon in self, or harmonising tones, using artists' thumb-tacks to keep the strips in place. The strips should be of the right width to easily hold a letter or card in place, and a border of the ribbon will suggest a frame.

PONTING BROS., LTD.,

GENERAL AND FANCY DRAPERS,
KENSINGTON.

FIRST DAY of
WINTER SALE,
Thursday, Dec. 29th.

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The Popular 1/- Hose (REGD.).

Ladies' Heavy Plain Cashmere Hose.

" Narrow and Wide Rib Cashmere Hose.

" Lace Cashmere Hose.

All at one price, 1/- per pair. In Black and Tan.

POST ORDERS.

Each Letter Order will receive immediate attention, executed in rotation, and dispatched as early as possible.

Full Illustrated and Descriptive
CATALOGUE,
showing Usual and Reduced Prices, post free on application.



Special China Silk Blouse,
Trimmed French Lace. Variety of Colours.
Also Black and Cream.
USUAL PRICE, 7/11.
Sale Price, 6/11.

FOG STOPS 'CHASING
AT KEMPTON PARK.

Two Races Abandoned—Mr. W.
H. Moore's Stable Wins Thrice
Consecutively.

ST. EMILION'S DEBUT.

One of the worst fogs ever experienced at Kempton Park compelled the acting stewards yesterday, Messrs. T. Fetherstonhaugh and E. C. Clayton, to abandon the last two races on the programme. Murkiness spoiled the sport from the beginning, and grew so deep as to stop proceedings after the fourth race.

It was not an ordinary type of fog. There seemed to be little or no moisture in the atmosphere. The darkness gradually increased, and towards the close enveloped the park in midnight blackness. Among the thousands of visitors on the course and in the rings many were smokers. Lighted matches flared up with extraordinary brilliancy, and a lamp on a motor-car spinning across a section of the course shone like a lighthouse beacon.

It was impossible to see any of the incidents in the earlier races determined, so no description involving details was possible. The great feature of the sport was the success of the Danebury stable, over which Mr. W. H. Moore presides, and of which Collins figures as trainer. Elguy, The Actuary, and Highway won their respective races in a sequence—an extraordinary performance.

Dunkford Lass's attempt to concede weight to Attraction at Hooton Park pointed to her chance in the Waterloo Steeplechase. Odds were laid, and she passed the post six lengths in front of Wiedershehen, whose rider carried a distinguishing black cap. Mr. E. Woodland then bought the winner for fifty guineas.

St. Emilion, formerly the property of Lord Carnarvon, was purchased by Mr. Powneby. This son of St. Exaucun—La Rose made his debut over hurdles in the Twickenham Maiden Race, and finished second, finding his apparent superior in Elguy, who was reported to have been greatly interfered with in the last race at Kempton on the previous afternoon. St. Emilion, however, ran well. The favourite was Blue Vinny, an easy winner at Nottingham—a race that was probably deceptive, the opposition being very moderate. Furthermore, Mr. Clayton has not been able to send Blue Vinny along at exercise since then owing to frost in the neighbourhood, and so fresh was the horse at exercise yesterday morning that he got rid of the jockey and bolted nearly the circuit of the course in a mad burst. Elguy was ridden by E. Piggett, who has only recently returned from France.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's colours were seen on Key West in the Sunbury Steeplechase, but Piggett was not destined to continue his success of the previous race. Key West slipped on landing at the water-jump, and although Piggett broke his fall by hanging round the horse's neck he received when getting up from the ground a slight kick on the head. The winner came forth in The Actuary. The public fancy was Sweetheart III., winner in a canter recently at Sandown Park, but despite Dolly's efforts she was beaten a length. What

happened in the race cannot be described, as matters went from bad to worse as far as the light was concerned.

RACING RETURNS.

KEMPTON PARK.—TUESDAY.

1.0.—WATERLOO SELLING STEEPLECHASE OF 100 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. D. J. Downing's BUSHFORD LASS, aged, 12st 11b Magee 1
Mr. E. Woodland's WIEDERSHEHEN, 6rs, 12st 11b Hopkins 2
Mr. E. Woodland's OLEASTER, 6rs, 12st 11b Morgan 3
Mr. H. Bonas's Zulu, 4rs, 11st 4lb Freemantle 0
Betting—5 to 4 on Bushford Lass, 5 to 2 agt Zulu, 7 to 1 Oleaster, and 100 to 7 Wiedershehen. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

1.30.—TWICKENHAM MAIDEN (at entry) HURDLE RACE OF 100 sovs. Two miles over eight hurdles.
Mr. W. H. Moore's EFFIGY, 5rs, 10st 7lb. Piggett 1
Mr. C. Powneby's ST. EMILION, 5rs, 11st 2lb E. Hunt 2
Mr. R. de Clermont's EMU, 5rs, 10st Mr. Hampton 3
Mr. A. Bostock's LAVENDER, 5rs, 11st 7lb R. Morgan 0
Mr. R. Craig's King's Birthday, 4rs, 11st 2lb Mr. Bissell 0
Mr. F. C. G. Monahan's Lord, 4rs, 11st 2lb Birch 0
Mr. C. Wood's Garland Day, 4rs, 11st 2lb Keogh 0
Mr. A. Stedall's Fruit Girl, 5rs, 10st Phillips 0
Mr. T. O'R. White's Mount Prospect II., 5rs, 10st Magee 0
Mr. G. Cottrell's Debutante, 4rs, 11st 2lb E. Mathews 0
Dr. Jolliffe's Khemi, 4rs, 11st 2lb Mr. Fitt 0
Mr. E. C. Clayton's Blue Vinny, 5rs, 10st G. Williamson 0
(Winner trained by Collins.)

Betting—6 to 4 agt Blue Vinny, 5 to 2 Elguy, 7 to 1 each St. Emilion and Garland Day, and 10 to 1 each others. Won in a canter by three lengths; half a length separated the second and third.

2.0.—SUNBURY STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP PLATE OF 200 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. L. Rome's THE ACTUARY, 5rs, 11st 13lb Driscoll 1
Mr. F. R. Hunt's SWEETHEART III., aged, 12st 3lb Dolly 2
Mr. A. Stedall's GRAND DEACON, 6rs, 11st 8lb Phillips 3
Mr. C. E. Byrne's STRATEGY, 5rs, 11st 3lb Magee 0
Mr. F. Pritchard's Grandchild, 5rs, 11st 3lb Birch 0
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Key West, 5rs, 11st Piggett 0
(Winner trained by Collins.)

Betting—6 to 4 agt Sweetheart III., 4 to 1 Key West, 5 to 1 Strategy, 5 to 1 The Actuary, 7 to 1 Grandchild, four lengths separated the second and third.

2.30.—KEW SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE OF 100 sovs. Two miles over eight hurdles.
Mr. W. H. Moore's HIGHWAY, 5rs, 12st Piggett 1
Mr. Graham's PERSEUS II., 5rs, 10st 14lb Dolly 2
Mr. E. Woodland's GOLDEN APPLE, aged, 11st 7lb E. Woodland 3
Mr. R. Gore's Devo, 5rs, 11st 6lb Freemantle 0
Mr. Randall's Wind Apper, 5rs, 11st 5lb Nighthall 0
Mr. F. Pritchard's His Grace, 4rs, 11st 2lb Birch 0
Mr. J. Hare's Puck, 5rs, 10st 7lb D. Read 0
Mr. D. Faber's Rigo, 5rs, 11st 7lb Owner 0
(Winner trained by Collins.)

Betting—11 to 4 agt Golden Apple, 100 to 30 Wind Apple, 4 to 1 Perseus II., 5 to 1 Highway, 7 to 1 His Grace, and 10 to 1 each others. Won by two lengths; six lengths between the second and third.

Owing to the fog the stewards ordered the abandonment of the Kempton Park Steeplechase and the Morlake Three-Year-Old Hurdle Handicap.

THE VICEROY'S CUP.

CALCUTTA, Tuesday.—The race for the Viceroy's Cup was run to-day, with the following result:—

GREAT SCOTT 1
CELESTINE 2
MELLARD 3
Won by a length.—Reuter.

SIDNEY ORD'S
MARMALADE

It is absolutely impossible to make or buy any Better Marmalade; and it would be difficult to find any other make even approaching it in quality.

Besides this, it is Absolutely Pure, being made from Oranges and pure sugar only. You have only to compare its flavour with any other, when you will admit its superiority.

It will also be found that it contains an unusually large proportion of peel, showing that it contains all the peel of the Orange, which accounts for its fine tonic properties. Its colour shows the care and cleanliness exercised in its manufacture.

MIDLAND FURNISHING COMPANY

69 to 77, JUDD-ST., KING'S CROSS, LONDON.
Business Hours: 9-8. Sat. till 6. Thursdays we do NOT close early.

FURNISH on EASY TERMS.

TERMS.	WORTH.	PER MONTH.
TOWN	£10	7 0
	£20	12 6
	£50	19 0
or	£100	25 0
COUNTRY.	£200	40 0

Any amount pro rata.

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.
No Interest or Extra Charges.

Country Orders Carriage Paid.
Goods Packed and Delivered Free.
Carpets and Linos Laid Free of Charge.

Fashionable Chippendale Cabinet, 4 ft. wide and 7 ft. high, fitted with Bevelled Plates of Glass in back, Drawer and Glass Door Cupboard below; sides fitted with shelves for display of bric-a-brac.

Price £4 4s.
or on easy terms spread over three years without extra charge.

Salon Easy Chair, Spring Stuffed, and Upholstered in any colour Tapestry. Price 19/6.

Write for our Guide and Catalogue, post free on mentioning "Daily Mirror."

AT KELSEY'S
482, OXFORD STREET, HYDE PARK, W.

High-class Goods at Popular Prices
Latest West End Styles American and English Shapes

EVERY FOOT CAN BE FITTED

TWO SMART SHOES

Send for Pretty Price List

SATIN GIPSY SHOE (various colours), 6/5
BLACK GLACE KID, 5/6

WILL WEAR WELL

SATIN COURT SHOE (various colours) or **BLACK GLACE KID**, 4/9

GRESHAM FURNISHING CO.,
51, GRAY'S INN-Road, HOLBORN, W.C.
Furnish for Credit. Deposit Optional.

£5 worth (50 payments)	2s. monthly.
£10	4s. monthly.
£20	8s. monthly.
£50	20s. monthly.
£100	40s. monthly.

Free Delivery in Private Vans. Hours 9 to 9 daily. Thursdays 4 o'clock. Price lists, etc., Post Free.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts, 2 p.c. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
Deposits, 2 1/2 p.c. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.
Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secy. aryl, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

Weak Men AND Women

Can obtain strength and vigor by the use of DR. PIERCE'S "GREAT PEPPERS" BOTTLE RESTORATIVE. The most beneficial medicinal preparation ever made. Drugs do not cure. This bottle does. Send stamp (key word) for "Bottle No. 2." 7/6 Write today. Express. Call or address, Pierce Electric Co., Nos. 11 & 13, Sunbury Square, London, E.C.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st Within, E.C. } London.
12 & 120, Wandsworth-road, S.W. }
Assets, £297,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £12,110. 5s per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann. 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Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (14d. each word afterwards), except for **Situations Vacant and Wanted**, for which the rate is 1/6 for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Counts and Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

GENERAL: disengaged; 20; 2 years' ref.; £12.-8. Estab.-rd. New Ferry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Tinting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20), Hanning-vv. Fulham.

AGENTS WANTED.—Kyl-Kol.—6d. packet sells 1 ton of coal; one agent's profit, one week, £10 10s; you can do this.—C. A. Houli, Doncaster, E.C.

SMART Business Man wanted; trustworthy; not afraid of work; outdoor employment; liberal commission; splendid opening for a man with energy wishing to improve his position.—Address L. 1595, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite St. E.C.

STAGE.—Several Vacancies for a limited number of Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to adopt this highly profitable profession; splendid opportunity; tuition free.—Call or write, Ward, 10, Garrick-st, Strand.

35 PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers; you can learn quickly, and we help you to a position.—Illustrated prospectus free.—Page-Data Advertising School (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st, London, W.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A.A.A.A.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY. A UNIQUE OFFER. Particulars free to the advertiser, this paper. W. HATCH and CO., Bush-house, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS TO £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approval note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 259, Romford-rd, Forest Gate, E. London.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY" (post free).—Everyone with a few pounds spare capital should write for above pamphlet, showing how £10 may be invested and return £2 10s. weekly profit; larger or smaller amounts; no speculation; no hazardous risk of speculation; no previous experience necessary; capital entirely under own control.—Howard, Marshall, and Co., 105, Leadenhall-st, London.

MONEY.—For private loans, £15 upwards, without sureties.—George Banks, Eagle-cliff, Gravesend.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st, Tavistock.

MONEY.—Messrs. Seymour and Whitman continue to make strictly private advances £10 to £10,000 in a few hours on note of hand alone; easy repayments.—Apply to the actual lender, 22, Walbrook-rd, London, E.C.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no sureties required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Islington-green, Islington, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ITALIAN MANDOLINE: genuine Sistema de Meglio; in case; 15s. 6d.; approval.—Tutor, 6, Grafton-st, Clapham.

PIANOFORTE: a great bargain; in handsomely marked walnut case; very sweet tone; fitted with iron frame; cheap action, and every latest improvement; guaranteed; offered under the hire system for 10s. 6d. per month; will send for one month's free trial without payment.—Godfrey, 54, Holloway-rd.

PIANOS/ORGANS!—Shenstone's great record sale; 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for pre-vious and other buyers; 7-act iron frame pianofortes from 12 to 50 guineas; from 8s. monthly; no deposit; 10 years' warranty; chance of a lifetime; 162, Edgware-rd, W.; E.C. 15, Dalston-lane, opp. junction; 162, Edgware-rd, W.; 55, Newington Butte, S.E.; 226, High-rd, Leyton, E.; Highest North East Ham & Chamberlayne Wooded, Kensal Rise, N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

A BERDEEN and Scotch Terriers; champion pedigree; A Major Richardson's P.Z.S., celebrated kennel; 3, 4, and 5 guineas; pups, 2 guineas.—Carnoustie, Forfarshire, Scotland.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUGHING cut short by our Linseed Balm; 9d. and 1s. 3d.—Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd, London.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address, with particulars of spare-time agency.—Dept. Z, 89, Aldersgate-rd, London.

HAIR DESTROYER.—James' Depilatory instantly removes superfluous hairs from face, neck, or arms, without injury to skin; post free, 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d.—Mrs. M. James, 268, Caledonian-rd, London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 153, Oxford-st, London (estab. 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if prices not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd, Hove, Brighton.

RUPTURE.—Colwell's Trusses are the most effective; illustrated list free.—116, Newington-cusway, London.

RUPTURE.—Gentleman cured himself and many others; I will send free particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment.—"Highly Successful," Box 96, 5, Earl-st, Carlisle.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Free to all afflicted; to remove root and stem, send for the treatise complete from Messrs. the warrant-holder to the Court of Geo. IV., Wm. IV., and Queen Adelaide.—Robt. Low, 5a, Great Queen-st, London.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to Advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.—CINGALEE Lawn; dainty evening and party wear; charming pastel shades; 1s. 3d. double width; patterns free.—Cingales, 62, Aldermanbury, E.C.

A STOUNDING VALUE!—Real Irish linen damask Table-cloth, 63in. square, 2s. 11d.; fine dinner Napkins, 16. 6d. dozen; ladies' hamitched handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d. dozen; men's, 3s. 6d.; samples free.—Hutton's, 61, Larnes, Ireland.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Clothes; sets of 50 articles; exquisitely made; bargain, 21s.; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BONELESS Corsets; full support without steel; lightweight ever produced; special! write for list.—Corset and Clothing Co., Mansfield-rd, Nottingham. Mention "Mirror".

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

BOOTS; 6s. 6d. per pair, post free; ladies or gent.'s high-class foot-wear; astounding bargains; London West End designs; send postcard at once for grand illustrated art catalogue, free.—Times Boot Company, Manufacturers, established 1801, 25, Camberwell-rd, London.

EXTRAORDINARILY handsome, rich, finest quality, real white Foxing Duchess Long Stole, lined white satin; 14s. 6d.; handsome pouch Muff to match, 8s. 6d.; approval.—Ednah, 29, Holland-st, S.W.

FURS taken for Debt.—Real Marmot Necklet and Muff, 15s.; Garcel ditto, 7s. 6d.; smoked Fox-colour ditto, 9s. 6d.; long real Russian Sable Hair Stole, 9s. 6d.; no sale; approval.—Mater, 6, Grafton-st, Clapham.

GENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Co-tumes to measure, 55s. 6d.; payments by instalments if desired.—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-st, Norwich.

LOVELY Real Russian Sable for colour, rich and luxurious long Stole for Necklet, with handsome large Muff to match; perfectly new; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval by post.—Miss Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargains.—Salmon, 11, Hanway-st, Tottenham, Central.

SPECIAL SALE for Two Weeks at Ideal Dress Agency, 16, Buckingham Palace-rd; all goods reduced; dresses from 25s.; send 2d. for catalogue.

Miscellaneous.

BRIDGE SCORER, giving values of Tricks and Honours; containing over 100 leaves; neat and dainty; made best on market; post free, 5 for 1s. 3d.—Dixon and Hunting, 180, Fleet-st, E.C.

CHIP Potato and Cookshop Fittings; every variety of champagne ranges, also new 116-page list free.—Mabbott's, Poland-st, Manchester.

CONFECTIONERS' Ovens; coal, coke, or gas; self-con-taining; tonnet's fixtures; latest up-to-date list free.—Mabbott, Poxon-rd, Worsley, Poland-st, Manchester.

"DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN.—Sold for 2s. 6d. to advertise the "Daily Mirror". On sale at all Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's bookstalls; or, post free, 2s. 7d., from the "Daily Mirror", 2, Carmelite-st, London, E.C.

"DAILY MIRROR" Giant Telescopes 5s. 9d.—The Giant Telescope, ordinary price 15s., reduced to 5s. 9d.; over 31ft. long; range 25 miles; don't miss this opportunity; it is being sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror".—Send at once postal order for 5s. 9d. (postage and packing 6d. extra) to the "Daily Mirror", Giant Telescope Department, 2, Carmelite-st, E.C. Call and see this wonderful telescope.

"DAILY MIRROR" MINIATURES sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror". Your miniature finished in watercolours for 2s. 1d. post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, etc., together with P.O. for 2s. 1d., to be crossed Counts and Co., Miniature Dept., 2, Carmelite-st, E.C.

FURNITURE.—Gentlemen must sell beautiful drawing-room suite, 65s.; grand walnut bedroom set, 75s.; music stand, 7s. 6d.; solid brass bedstead, 70s.; handsome piano, £14 10s.; motorcar, perfect; private.—13, Holland-rd, Edgware-rd, London, E.C.

HUMPHREYS Iron and Wood Buildings of every description; inexpensive, quickly erected; special catalogues for each class of building.—Offices, Humphreys, Ltd., Knightbridge, London, E.C.

NEW PLATED TABLEWARE FOR OLD.—Replating of any description done efficiently, promptly, and cheaply, and on simple open or fork, and we will resilver it free of cost, and return it with an estimate for any quantity you may require.—The Electro Depositing Co., Barnbury Works, Barnsbury, N.

RAILWAY LOST PROPERTY, etc.—3,000 silk umbrellas having old ones replaced; 2 for 1s. 6d.; 4 for 2s. 6d.; postage and packing; three for 5s. 6d., six for 10s. 3d.; open during holidays; visitors please call.—Great Western Umbrella Co., 55, Regent-rd, London.

START Saving Your Money To-day in the "London Magazine" Savings Bank—the most ingenious mechanical money-box ever devised; it is so cleverly devised that once you start saving you are obliged to continue.—On sale at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's and all other booksellers; or, at all ironmongers and fancy goods stores, and from the Novelty Department X, 12 and 13, Broadway, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. Price 1s. 6d., or 2s. 2d. by post.

9D BUYS 25 artistic Picture Postcards, sent free; no rubbish.—Publisher, 6, Grafton-st, Clapham.

12 ALL different Comic Moving Slides; 2 different rack work Chromotopes; a house in London; a book of Life of King Edward; lot for 12s.—Harrington, 133, Fulham-rd, Chelsea.

40 BEAUTIFULLY-DESIGNED Pictorial Postcards, past free, 1s. 2d.—Postcard Agency, Palmer-st, New Southgate.

EMMANUEL and Co., 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD, PAWNBROKERS, UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM and BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION.

COLOSSAL VALUE IN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. CLEARANCE SALE. Approval before payment. Send postcard for complete list of Bargains.

10/9 ONLY—MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS. Elegant rich dark Sable Hair Duchess Alexandra Bag-bit, long necklet with 5 tails, and handsome large Muff; perfectly new; reduced price, 10s. 9d.

25/ ONLY—SILVER HALL-MARKED MOUNTED PAIR CARRIAGES, and steel; Crayford ivory handles; reduced price 25s.; set containing mass quantity, unmounted, 9s. 9d.

26/6 ONLY—A1 QUALITY SPOONS AND FORKS; complete service; 12 table and 12 dessert A1 spoons and forks, 12 teaspoons; 60 pieces; stamped A1; reduced price, 26s. 6d.; approval.

16/6 ONLY—FISH KNIVES and FORKS; handsome handles; unmounted, reduced price, 16s. 6d.; companion set, 16s. 6d.; case Fish Carvers, 5s. 6d.; approval.

25/6 ONLY—UNPRECEDED VALUE, 2 3yd. double damask Tablecloths, 2 3yd. ditto and 12 Serviettes, lot 25. 6d.; guaranteed high manufacture approval.

19/6 ONLY—LADY'S SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEY-LESS WATCH, mounted, jewel movement, crystal glass; fancy dial; reduced price, 19s. 6d.

9/9 ONLY—CURB CHAIN, PADLOCK BRASS SET, 13-5; heavy quality ditto, 7s. 6d.; approval.

6/6 ONLY—EXCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK 6-CHAIN; 18-ct., solid (stamped) gold; reduced 6s. 6d.; chain, heavy, exceedingly handsome; extra long.

8/9 ONLY—LADY'S 18-CT. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, guaranteed time-keeper; also long 18-ct. gold-filled Watch Guard; reduced price, 8s. 9d.; approval.

9/6 ONLY—LADY'S ELEGANT SILK UMBRELLA; with 7in. deep silver hall-marked chased handle, Fox frame, unsealed; reduced price, approval.

EMMANUEL and Co., D.M. DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Next KENTINGTON GATE.

Other Small Advertisements on page 9.

If you want Personal Indemnity Insurance, then insure against ALL Casualties.

The "INCLUSIVE" Policy of the CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED)

INDEMNIFIES YOU AGAINST ANY AND EVERY SICKNESS (not a limited number of Diseases only) and ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

THE "Inclusive" Policy, therefore, offers to the Professional and Business Man full and complete protection against DISABILITY FROM ALL CAUSES.

No Medical Examination required. Write for Prospects to-day and Terms of Agency.

F. J. LEE-SMITH, Managing Director, 125, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO., Ltd., 2, Carmelite-st, E.C.—Wednesday, December 28, 1904.

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENT FORM.

Small Advertisements written on this Form will be accepted at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., or 2, Carmelite Street E.C. (one minute Blackfriars Bridge), for insertion in the "Daily Mirror," at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (14d. each word afterwards), except **Situations Vacant and Wanted**, for which the rate is 1/6 for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. (Name and Address must be paid for.)

If sent by post, the Order Form must be accompanied by postal orders (not stamps) crossed Counts & Co.